

No. 85
March
'64

MAD

OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP



Aviz can't afford dirty plugs!



But we can afford sneaky plugs—like these ads! Ever notice how we cry the blues and tell how hard we try and make like the underdog?

We got a clever reason for doing this!

It's an old American tradition to root for the underdog. We figure you'll feel sorry for us, and give us your rent a car business.

That way, we might get to be No. 1! Then we can afford to be independent and rent unwashed cars with cigarette butts in the ash trays, and worn wipers, and dry batteries...and if you complain, we can afford to say, "Nuts to you, Buddy!"

Right now...it hertz to be No. 2!

MAD

"The good thing about Rock 'n' Roll records is when they wear out, you can't tell the difference!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

AND THE BANS PLAY ON DEPARTMENT

Famous Protest Campaigns12

A WARD TO THE WISE DEPARTMENT

The MAD Hospital Primer37

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of The College Crowd22

CANDID CAMERAWORK DEPARTMENT

A TV Ad We'd Like To See36

CLAWS AND EFFECT DEPARTMENT

The Rescue18

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

At A Matinee15

The Sunday Drive26

The Hunter48

DOWNBEAST DEPARTMENT

Mannie Get Your Ghoul4

FUNNY PITCHES DEPARTMENT

Future Educational Comic Pamphlets31

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy Vs. Spy21, 30

Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy44

LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail2

MAID IN U.S.A. DEPARTMENT

A Strange Interlude With Hazy45

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Drawn-Out Dramas **

No. DEPARTMENT

When They Use Numbers For Everything27

STOP THE PRESSURES DEPARTMENT

The Real Story Behind The News40

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CORN DEPARTMENT

The Minute After That TV Show Is Over19

WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPARTMENT

MAD Beastlies16

**Various Places Around The Magazine

VITAL FEATURES

MANNIE
GET
YOUR
GHOUL
Pg. 4



"Smile! You're on
CANDID CAMERA!"



THE MINUTE
AFTER THAT
TV SHOW
IS OVER
Pg. 19

THE
COLLEGE
CROWD
Pg. 22



FUTURE
EDUCATIONAL
COMIC
PAMPHLETS
Pg. 31

THE MAD
HOSPITAL
PRIMER
Pg. 37



A STRANGE
INTERLUDE
WITH
HAZEY
Pg. 45

YOU CAN TELL A SCHNOOK BY THE COVER!

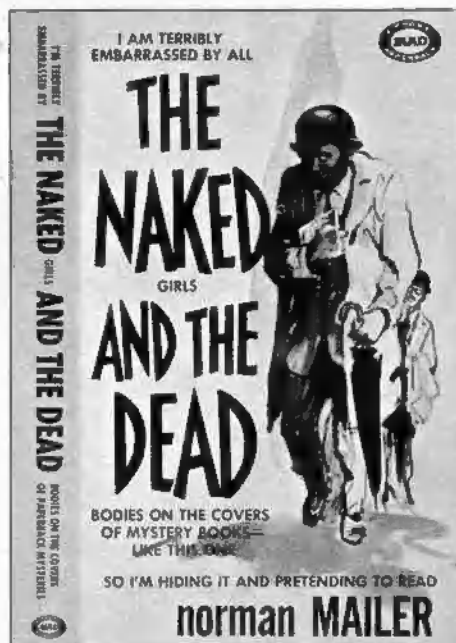
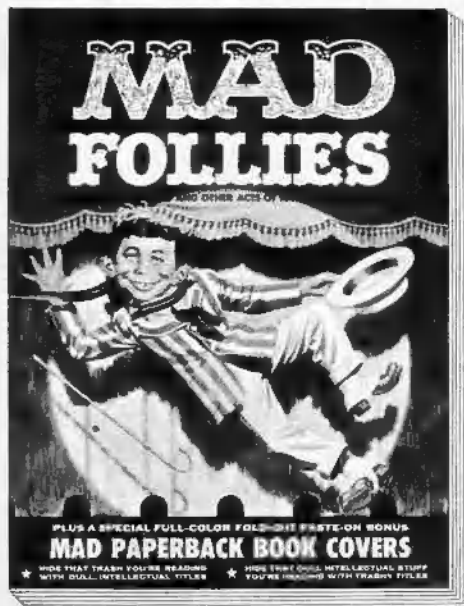


So camouflage your reading matter with . . .

MAD PAPERBACK BOOK COVERS

YOU GET EIGHT FULL-COLOR
COVERS LIKE THIS ONE . . .

**FREE
IN THE LATEST
MAD ANNUAL**



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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

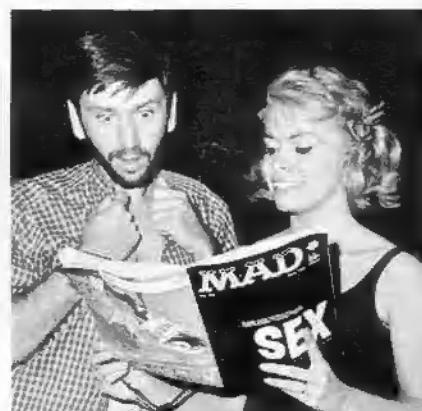
LETTERS DEPT.



MAD WON'T MAKE THE SCENE

Enclosed is a photo of Bob "Maynard" Denver and me enjoying the latest issue of MAD on the set of "For Those Who Think Young". Incidentally, they shot a scene on the beach for the picture, and later discovered that one of the kids was reading MAD in a close-up, so they had to shoot the scene over.

Lada Edmund, Jr.
Hollywood, California



Guess we're not as chicken as your producers, Lada. We're running the pic and letter plugging the movie even tho they won't run the scene plugging MAD! — Ed.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) 1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1963 2. Title of Publication: **MAD** 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly except Feb., May, August & Nov. 4. Location of known office of Publication (Street, City, county, state, zip code): 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022 5. Location of Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers (Not printers): 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022 6. Names and addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher (Name and address) William M. Gaines—850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; Editor (Name and address) Albert B. Feldstein—850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; Managing Editor (Name and address) None 7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) E. C. Publications, Inc. 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; Premier Corp. of Amer. 1410 Broadway NYC 10018; A. M. Sonnabend, 464 Commonwealth Ave. Boston, Mass.; Frank G. Binswanger, 1420 Walnut St., Phila., Penna.,

THAT ABOUT COVERS IT

CONGRATULATIONS!!!! Your December '63 issue's front cover is a masterpiece of satire, and a telling comment on the over-exploitation and over-merchandising of "SEX" in our modern society. MAD is about the most sexless magazine we've read. Keep them coming!

Mr. & Mrs. N. Robinson
Carmichael, California

I was never so shocked as when I beheld your latest cover, and the word "SEX" blazing at me and my children—in fluorescent ink, yet! I have always considered your magazine suitable for my children, but if you are going to become offensive and lewd, I certainly will not permit this publication in my house. You have shown extremely bad taste!

Earlene Roberts
Chattanooga, Tennessee

KHRUSHCHEV LOOK-ALIKE GIVES HIM THE CREEPS

As a parent, I know MAD to be a magazine that has always kept its humor free of smut, and so I enjoyed your clever and satirical front cover. But the back cover

bothered me. Khrushchev's look-alike, Oscar Jordan, gives me the creeps.

Bernard Zuch
Cambria Heights, N. Y.



That's funny! He didn't bother your Editor at all, as this photo will attest!—Ed.

Address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 86, 850 Third Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Yep, if somebody will only order a full-color portrait of MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, we'll be satisfied, we guarantee! Mail 25c each to: MAD, Dept. "What-Color?" 850 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

DOWNBEAST DEPT.

YEARS AGO, BROADWAY musicals were all about sweet, nice, young people living in a happy-go-lucky, wonderful world. Today, however, they're making musicals about *thieves* ("Oliver"), *juvenile delinquents* ("West Side Story") *gangsters and gamblers* ("Guys and Dolls"), and the worst of all, *business executives* ("How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying"). Which makes us wonder: Why hasn't anybody done a show about the most unlikely people(?) of all—mainly, monsters? To show Broadway producers what can be done, here is MAD's version of a "Monster Musical" called . . .

ACT 1, SCENE 1: The Offices of Schlepper, Schnurrer, & Schlock, Theatrical Agents



We're in trouble, Mannie! Real trouble! None of the stars we handle is doing a dime's worth of business!

That's right, Mannie! Unless we come up with something sensational, and fast—we might as well close up shop!

Sensational, did you say? Aha! I have it! We shall handle the most sensational stars in the movie business today: **MONSTERS!**

But, Mannie! Aren't monsters sort of—er—unnatural!?

Piffle! Monsters—as you will discover through my following song—are naturals! In fact, they are **SUPERNATURALS!**



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

* Spooks and ghouls
Break all the rules;
They've got no drama teacher—
Still they're gifted as can be
Actin' supernatur'ly!

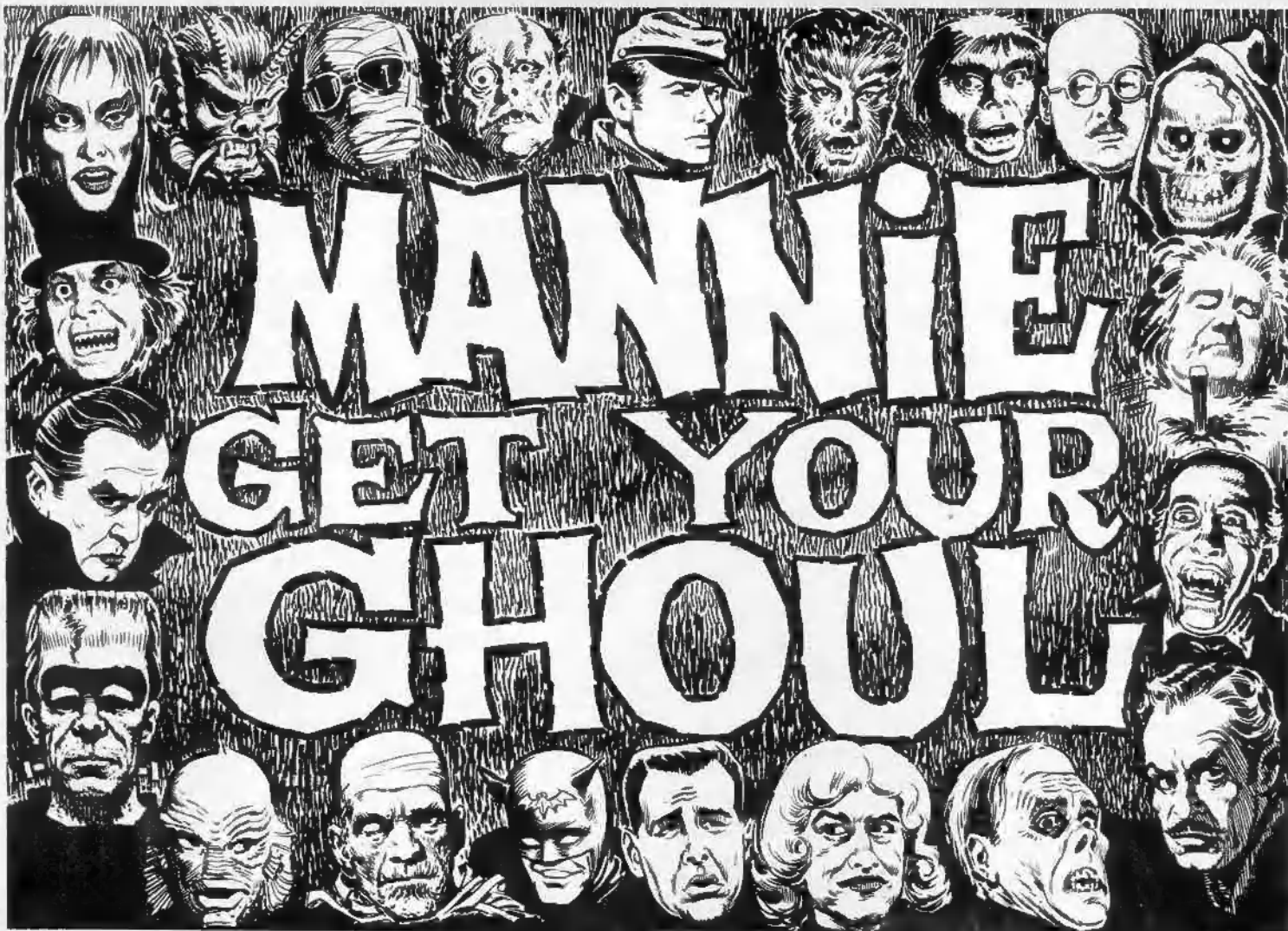
Actin'
supernatur'ly!

Lots of folks
Make corny jokes
About the well-known Creature—
He's got personality
Actin' supernatur'ly!

Actin'
supernatur'ly!



*Sung to the tune of "Doin' What Comes Natur'ly"



You don't have to know how to make 'em swoon
When you live in the middle of a Black Lagoon!

You don't have to know how to play a scene
When you've got seven fingers and your skin is green!

Su—
pernatur'lly!

Su—
pernatur'lly!

When Wolfman starts to clamor
Before his nightly prowl,
He may not have good grammar,
But he really has a howl!

When the Thing
Starts slob-ber-ing
In some cheap double feature,
He shows real ability
Actin' supernatur'lly!

Actin'
super-
natur'lly!



Sounds like a great idea to us, Mannie!

Not that we're really sold! But agreeing with you gives us our only chance to sing in this musical!

Frankenstein May muffle a line While filming on location— He's got talent, you'll agree. Actin' supernatur'ly!

Actin' supernatur'ly!

Mummy's lips Are sealed with strips Which block articulation— He relates to you and me Actin' supernatur'ly!

Actin' supernatur'ly!



You don't have to know how to play "Macbeth" When you're cast as a body coming back from death! You don't have to worry if your profile's good When you start in to terrorize a neighborhood!

Most vampires lack good breeding And yet one fact is plain— If first they're not succeeding. They just try a different vein!

Critics sneer From year to year At Dracula's vocation— He defies biology Actin' supernatur'ly!

Actin' supernatur'ly!

There's just one problem, Mannie! Where are you going to get your monsters?

Yeah! All the great ones are retired!

That's easy! Hello— American Airlines? Get me a ticket on the next plane to MONSTER ACRES!

Su—pernatur'ly!

Su—pernatur'ly!



ACT 1, SCENE 2: The Outskirts of Monster Acres

So this is Monster Acres—where all the old movie monsters have retired! Maybe I can find someone to show me around—

Perhaps I can help you!

Who said that?

It vass I—Count Dracula—at your service! I vass hovering overhead! Since my retirement from Show Business, I haf been driving a cab! Sort of—hacking away!

Tell me, why did you leave Show Biz?

A very unfortunate incident! Vun day, I vas making a movie! The director yelled, "Cut!"—and I took him literally!



Ve are all retired now—myself, the Wolfman, the Mummy, the Creature, Godzilla, Howard Keel! Just simple tradesmen, spending our last years earning modest livings!

If you're really up against it, Drac, ol' boy, I could stake you!

PLEASE! Don't use dot void! Besides, I'm not putting the bite on people anymore! I still have a belfry over my head! Come, let's have a drink at the "Creature's Black Saloon"! I will drive you there by way of the main arteries!!



ACT 1, SCENE 3: The Creature's Black Saloon

Try a Monster Across "Bloody Mary"! It's vun part vodka—two parts Type "O"!

What's going on over there?

Oh, just the daily argument between the Creature and his most steady customer, the Vulfman!

You were nothing in Show Business compared to me, Wolfman! Why even today, I could outscarer you with one claw tied behind my back!

Oh, yeah!?

Yeah!



Why argue, fellas—when you could both be stars again! Come on back to Show Business! Just sign this contract and you'll be bigger than ever!

Us Act again?

Not a chance!

I like it here where the living is better! I find that living here's better for me!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

Yes, it is!

I know of nothing that Hollywood offers! Hollywood's just a big nothing to me!

Lots of chicks!

Who needs chicks!

Swank affairs!

Full of squares!

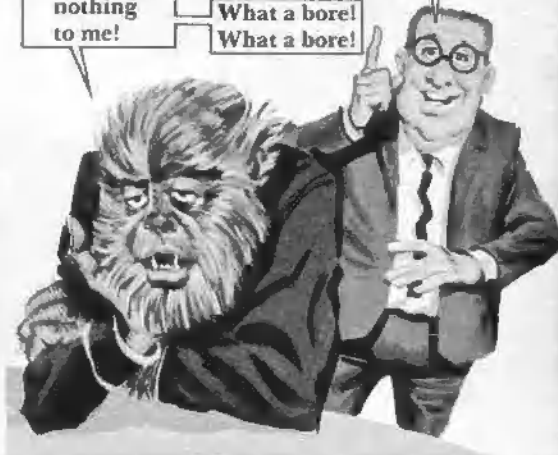
Fans galore!

What a bore!

What a bore!



*Sung to the tune of "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better"



I am not returning! This you should be learning!

Glamour queens will chase you! Starlets will embrace you!

There is nothing you can name!

I'll star you with Jayne!

Ecchh!

Man, you're insane!

I'll stay retired, 'cause I like it better! Staying retired is better for me!

Lots of dough

I say no!

Please give in!

You can't win!

Come away!

Here I'll stay!

Here I'll stay!

Come back to Hollywood—You'll like it better! You'll find that Hollywood's better for you!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

No, it's not!

Yes, it is!

Yes, it is!



There's not a thing Monster Acres can offer! Nothing you name can it offer to you!

Time to read!

You don't need!

Peaceful bliss!

Who wants this?

Skies of blue!

Not for you!

Not for you!



You're an ignoramus I could make you famous!

I'm a happy fella— And I hate Louella!

I can get you anything!

Can you get me Liz?

No...

That's how it is!



You will feel fine if you just sign this contract! Signing this contract's a fine thing to do!

Not today!

Say "Okay"!

I won't sign!

Dotted line!

I decline!

Say you're mine!

Say you're mine!



They aren't listening! What's the matter with them! I could make them stars again!

Don't you see? Ve're all beyond dot now! Those days are over! Ve're content to live here quietly vit our scrapbooks, our memories and our derangements!



That's ridiculous! Your place is performing before the public! Who runs this town, anyway? I wanna tell him a thing or two!

Vell, the Mayor lives down the street. He should be home from vork by now! Come, I will take you to him...



ACT 1, SCENE 4: The Home of the Mayor

As Mayor, you have influence in this town! Can't you get your people to return to Show Business?

Now, this is all very flattering, but...

Please, dear! Can't you get the kids to quiet down?!



Ahhh! Quiet 'em down yourself, ya big, over-grown, good-for-nothin' has-been!

You see, Mr. Schlock, the people all follow my example here. And I have no intention of coming out of retirement! I don't miss the good old days at all, and I'll tell you why:



✿ Got no victims! Got no prey! Still I'm hearing those screams all day! I got my kids in the morning and my wife at night!

He's got his kids in the morning And his wife at night!

Got no people On my trail! Still I'm moanin' a mournful wail! I got my kids in the morning and my wife at night!

He's got his kids in the morning And his wife at night!



*Sung to the tune of "I've Got The Sun In The Morning And The Moon At Night"

My life
Now is an
awful fright!
My wife
Turns me a
ghostly white!

Got no voltage
In my brain!
Still I'm feeling
Like I'm insane!
I got my kids
in the morning
and my wife at night!

He's got his
kids in the
morning
And his wife
at night!

I've got my kids
in the morning
And my wife
in the evening
Each day—
and—night!!

That does it! There's only one thing
left to do! The **OLD** monsters won't
perform anymore, so I'm gonna find
NEW talent! Somewhere—out there in
this great land of ours is an unknown
creature so gruesome, so ghoulish, so
appealing, that he will capture the
hearts of a gore-starved America!
And I—Mannie Schlock—will find him!!

INTERMISSION



ACT 2, SCENE 1: The Offices of Schlepper, Schnurrer & Schlock

I hope you
know what
you're doing,
Mannie!

Yeah, running this
contest to discover
a new monster has cost
us a lot of money!

Bah! Just think of the publicity we've gotten!
Thousands of young Americans—each filled with
ambition, glowing with talent, and slightly in-
human—have flocked to our doors to compete! And
now, at last, we have narrowed the entrants down
to 3 finalists! All right! Send in the first boy!

Finalist
Number One
—Shelley
Buryman!
What's your
specialty,
Shelley?

I'm a
Monster
Comedian!

Okay! Do your
routine, and
we'll see how
funny you are!



Good evening,
ladies and
gentlemen! A
funny thing
happened to me
on the way to
the embalmers!
Ha-ha!

Actually, if
I look a bit
stoned
tonight, it's
'cause I've
been working
the graveyard
shift! Ha-ha!

Seriously, though,
I was reading this
book about a
Mummy—called
"Of Human
Bandage," and it
really choked me
up, if you know
what I mean!
Ha-ha!

Last night, I told
my boss at the
graveyard that I
was gonna quit,
and he said, "Have
a heart!"—so I
helped myself! To
his—Ha-ha—if you
know what I mean!

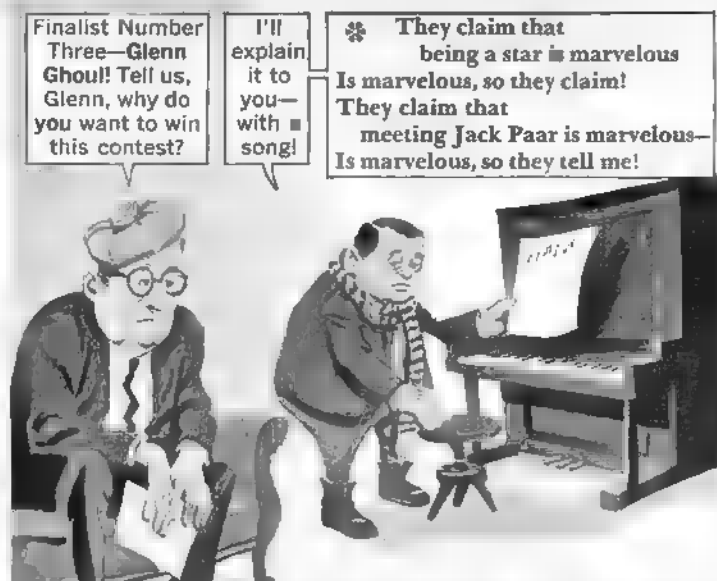
Okay, Buryman!
That's—yecchh—
enough, if you
know what I mean!

Next finalist . . .

Finalist
Number Two
—Seymour
Clops! What's
your
specialty,
Seymour . . . ?

I'd appreciate it if
you called me **Sy**! Get
it? **Sy Clops**! Heh-heh!
Anyway, my specialty is
dancing! I do a tap
dance on 88 skulls that
are lined up like keys
on a piano! Each skull
is tuned to a different
note of the scale!





*Sung to the tune of "They Say That Falling in Love Is Wonderful"



ACT 2, SCENE 2: Carnegie Hall—three weeks later



And now, Ladies and gentlemen— Here he is—the great new sensation you've heard about— America's first "Singing Monster," **GLENN GHOUL!!!**

✱ The "Thing" that I bury Will have to be A real Transylvanian monstrosity— The "Thing" for which I crave Will have two bloodshot eyes Staring up from that grave!

Her nails will be pointed And in her claw She'll carry a skull And a monkey's paw! She'll be shriekin'— Oozin'—leakin'— With a body unbearably reekin'! Unearthly and scary The "Thing" that I bury will be!

He's a flop, fellas! We're through!
You're right, Mannie! He's—Hey! What's that cheering I hear?
That cheering means we're in business again! Look what's coming down the aisle!



He stinks! BOO!!
Throw him out! HISS!!
We want our money back!

*Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"



We couldn't let you do it, Mannie!
We had to come back!
That no-talent kid could've ruined the monster field forever! You need real talent!
You need "PROS"—like US!



✱ There's no monsters like "Pro" monsters— Just no monsters we know! We are twice as wonderful and gory— We can chill an audience like ice— Holed up in some secret laboratory With Peter Lorre Or Vincent Price!



These new monsters Ain't "true" monsters— They've got nothing to show! If you want to make a girl feel pet-ri-fied— To make her scream and her eyes grow wide— Tell her that next week she'll be the Wolfman's bride! What ho! Monsters, let's go!

The zombies, the mummies, the bodies, the bones!
The cyclops with one eye instead of two!



*Sung to the tune of "There's No Business Like Show Business"

The shrieking, the wailing, the gasping, the groans!
Those little things that monsters love to do!
The shrunken head that croaks an awful cough!
The flap of wings as Dracula takes off!



There's no monsters like "Pro" monsters— Just no monsters we know! Folks adore the Creature and Godzilla! Audiences know they can't go wrong— Watching while an army tries to kill a Mixed-up gorilla Who's called King Kong!



We're great monsters—First rate monsters— We're much more in the know! One day you are living like a normal slob— You've got a wife and a steady job— Then you drink a potion— and you're now the "Blob"! What ho! Monsters... Let's... GO!



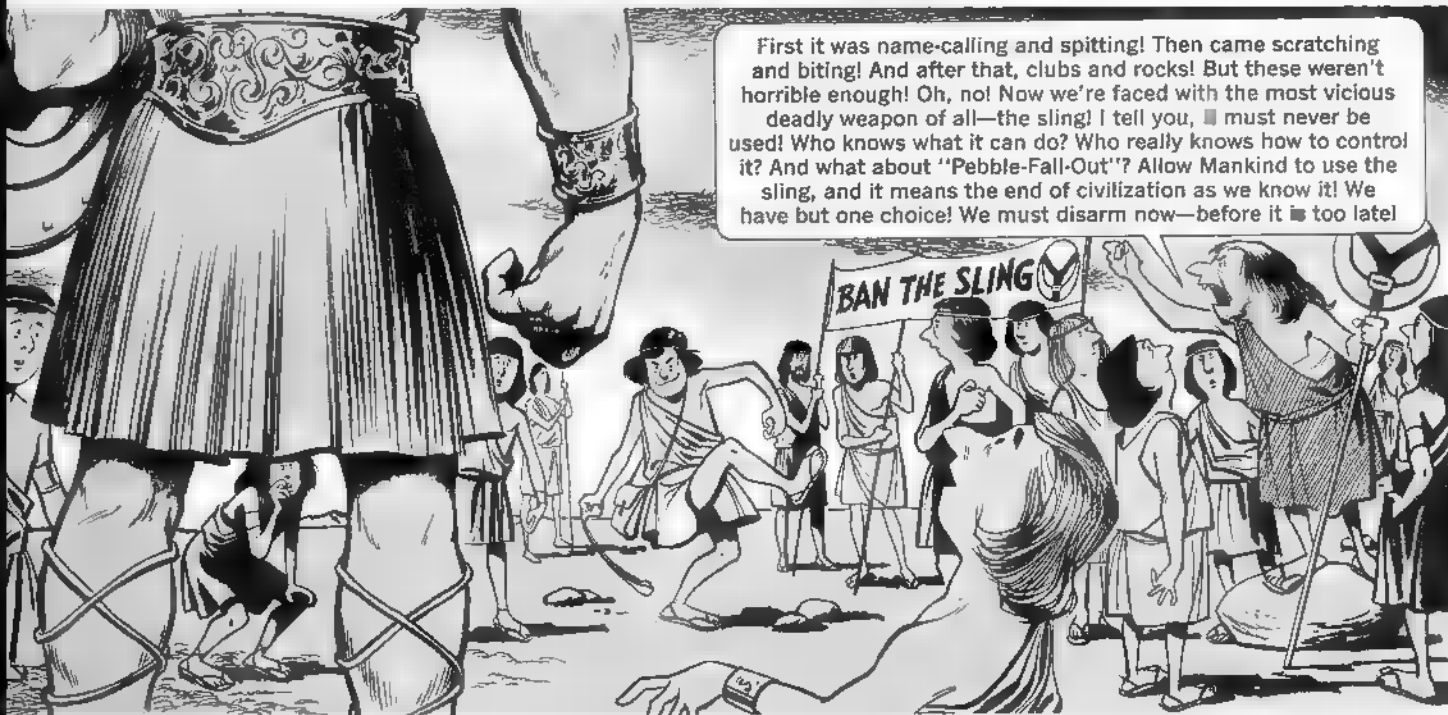
AND THE BANS PLAY ON DEPT.

Each time a new discovery, invention or idea is born, it has a twin...the "Protest Group." Now you may think that the Protest Group is a recent development. So did we, until we began digging into the past. And guess what we found? Yep, we found that whenever there was some new discovery, invention or idea, there was a group of people protesting it. Here, then, is MAD's gallery of

FAMOUS



1000 B.C.—DAVID AND GOLIATH

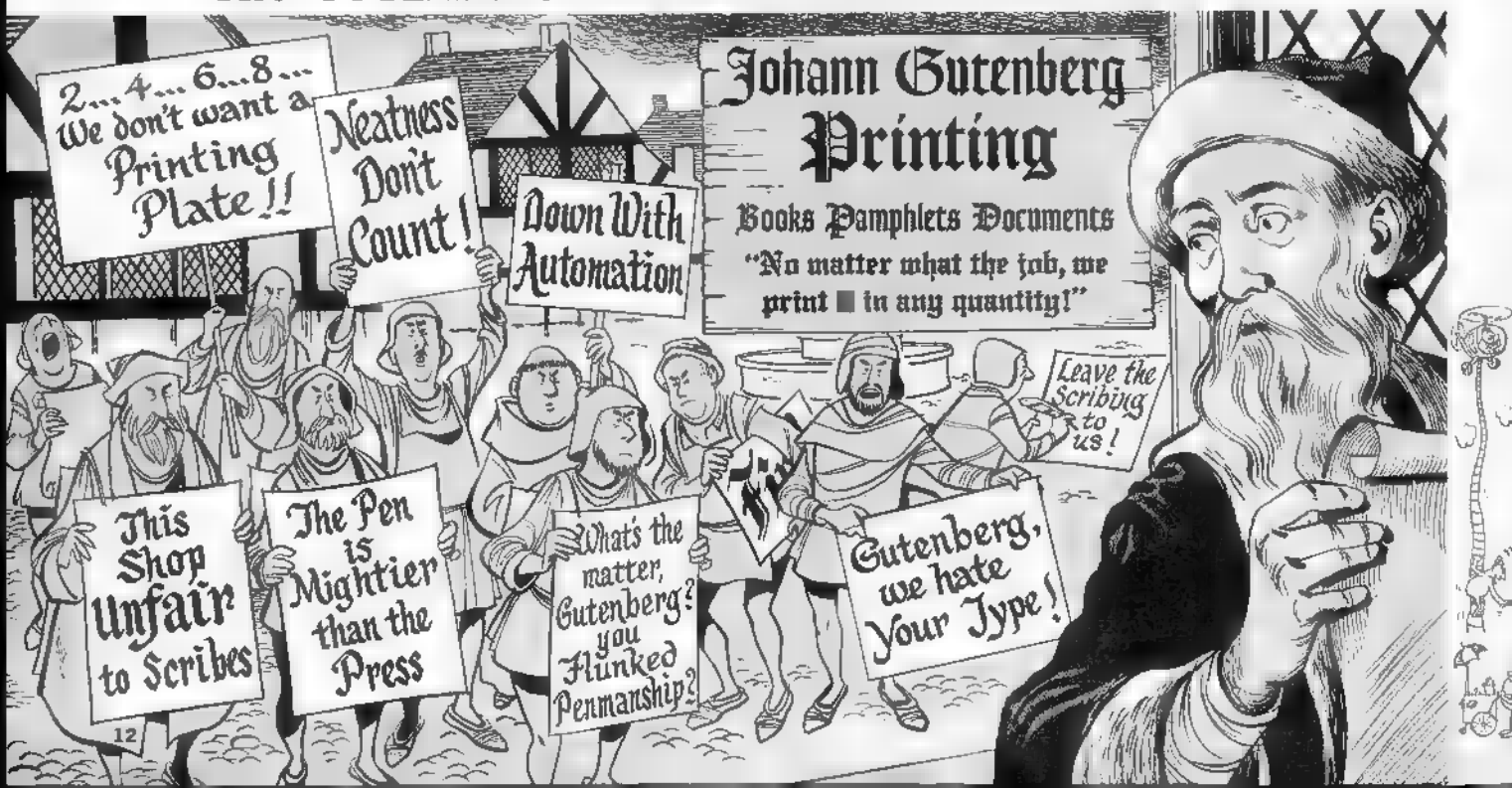


First it was name-calling and spitting! Then came scratching and biting! And after that, clubs and rocks! But these weren't horrible enough! Oh, no! Now we're faced with the most vicious deadly weapon of all—the sling! I tell you, ■ must never be used! Who knows what it can do? Who really knows how to control it? And what about "Pebble-Fall-Out"? Allow Mankind to use the sling, and it means the end of civilization as we know it! We have but one choice! We must disarm now—before it ■ too late!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS & STAN HART

1450—GUTENBERG PERFECTS THE PRINTING PRESS



Johann Gutenberg Printing

Books Pamphlets Documents
"No matter what the job, we
print ■ in any quantity!"

Leave the
Scribing
to us!

PROTEST CAMPAIGNS



1492—THE SAILING OF COLUMBUS

S. A. N. E.

Society Against Needless Explorations

14 Camino de Granada Madrid, Spain

Dear Member:

By now you have heard about the expedition King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella are organizing to sail west to the Indies. It will be led by some unknown explorer named Christopher Columbus and will cost about 2 million pesos. While people are starving in this country, he's spending our money on provisions. And just who is this Columbus anyway? Why should we taxpayers finance his silly theories? He claims the world is round. Round, schmound! Why should we pour peso after peso into the treasury just to pay for the half-baked joy-ride of some third-rate sailor? A sailor who probably has ugly tattoos, sings dirty songs, and chases questionable women. Who is this Nina he's taking along on the trip, anyway? Who's covering up?

As a member of S.A.N.E., it is your duty to write to Their Majesties today. If that doesn't help, write to the House Committee of Un-Spanish Activities. If we must send out expeditions, at least let's send out a red-blooded Spanish boy instead of some foreigner!

Progressively,

Carlos Carramba, President

1621—THE PURCHASE OF MANHATTAN

Editor,

Dutch Colonist's Gazette

What's this Peter Minuit, some kind of nut? who needs to spend an outrageous sum like \$24 to buy a white elephant like Manhattan Island? Peter Minuit—last of the red-hot spenders—fast-talked by some slick Manhattan Indians—Ha! Listen, fellow suckers, here's what you bought! A big nothing! In 200 years, there won't be a farm on the entire island. We'll be the laughing stock of the Colonies. People may visit Manhattan, but they'll never live there! The whole place will probably shut down at 5 PM, and you'll have to go to Yonkers for any fun. But it's not too late. Let's dress it up a little, and resell it to the British for \$30! I'd be happy with a 25% return. Let's act now! Let's show those sharpie Indians that they're not dealing with a bunch of hicks from the Zuider Zee!

Van Lingle Glingie, Chairman
Committee of One Hundred
To Lynch Peter Minuit

1752—BEN FRANKLIN EXPERIMENTS WITH HIS KITE





1839—ABNER DOUBLEDAY
INVENTS BASEBALL

1876—ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
INVENTS THE TELEPHONE

Women of Cooperstown!
JOIN THE
Mother's March
AGAINST THE DEMON
BASEBALL

...that insidious new "pastime"
which is corrupting our sons by
luring them away from honest work!

★ **DESTROY** ★

bats, balls, gloves and other
Evil Tools of the Devil!

☞ **SAVE** ☞

those time-honored American
principles of Industry,
Diligence, and
Devotion to Mother!

🔥 **ATTEND** 🔥

Tuesday Night's Torchlight Rally
Outside Town Hall Where Abner
Doubleday Will be Hanged in Effigy!
(Only if we can't string him up in person!)

BINGO AFTERWARDS

A PETITION

We, the undersigned residents of the 1600 block on Elm Street, Boston, Massachusetts, do hereby strongly protest the so-called "experiments" now being conducted by Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, who resides at 1605 Elm St.

Mr. Bell does not hold down a regular job like other decent working citizens. Instead, he remains in the dank confines of his cellar, working on some mysterious "invention". Late at night, strange buzzes and rings have been heard emanating from his laboratory. It is rumored that Mr. Bell is making some kind of effort to push voices through wires. He must be stopped at once! Something like that could be very frightening—particularly to women, and especially to teen-age girls!

Elmer Hotchkiss *Irving Lowell*
Art Fulcrum *Len Boardock*
Ed Elkbright *Don Ameche*

1921—MIAMI, FLORIDA

Editor, Miami Herald

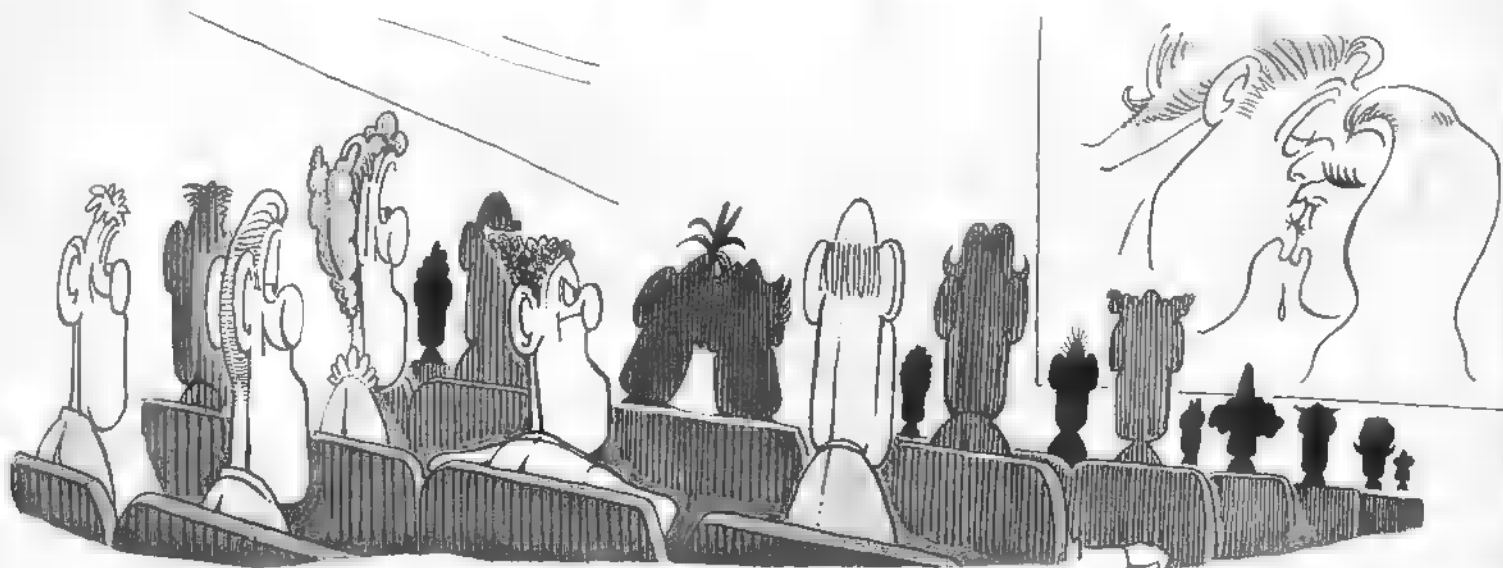
It has been called to our attention that last year a Mr. Llewelyn Smeed of our glorious city took in a boarder from New York for the Winter months. This year, we understand that Mr. Smeed plans to take in *two* boarders, and is encouraging his neighbors to do the same. Where will this stop? First, it will be rooming houses, then tourist cottages, and then—we warn you—we may live to see the day a hotel

is built right on our lovely ocean front.

The time to act is now! We must take a firm stand before Northerners start coming down here in droves and ruin the real estate values of our modest homes on the beach. Join our campaign today. Preserve the value of our land and property!

MIAMI CIVIC BETTERMENT LEAGUE
President: Irving Fontainebleu
Vice-Pres.: Sidney Americana
Secretary: Louis Eden-Roc
Treasurer: Melvin Deauville

AT A MATINEE



Hey, you two! Break it up! How am I supposed to see the movie with your stupid heads together—blocking the view like that!?





WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPT.

Writer Phil Hahn and artist Paul Coker, Jr. both insist that they were frightened by a dictionary at an early age . . . mainly last month at age 30. They further insist that practically every word in said dictionary suggests an animal, if you'll only look. Personally, we think they're playing games with us . . . so we invite you to play, too! All you have to do is take a word, and dream up ■ animal it suggests — like the following . . .

MAD

flunkey



round robin



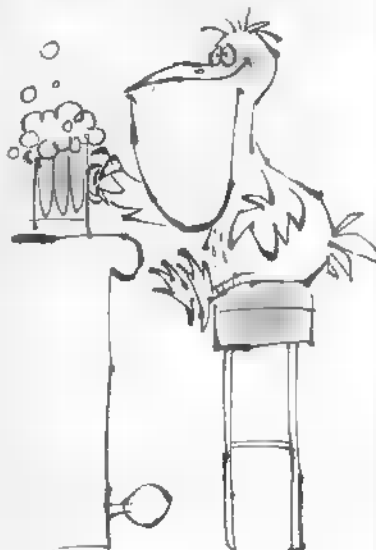
bugaboo



flagon



publican



pantaloon

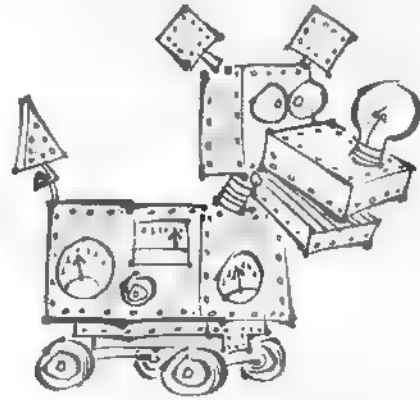


BEASTLIES

crocus



dogmatic



antagonize



dynamite



boondoggle



apex



THE RESCUE



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CORN DEPT.

So you think most TV shows are too long? Ha! Well, it so happens, smart alek, they're too short. The best things happen after the show. If they could stay on the air for one more minute, there'd be a lot more entertainment on the idiot-box. Understand? Well, take some time off from hating your parents, and we'll show you our version of—

THE
MINUTE
AFTER
THAT
TV
SHOW
IS
OVER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

TO TELL THE TRUTH

... and this is Bud Collyer ... reminding you to tell the truth! Goodnight ...

Mr. Collyer, I'm from the Bureau of Internal Revenue! I'd like to ask you a few questions about your 1962 Income Tax Return. Now, under expenses, you claimed—

THE GARRY MOORE SHOW

... so be very kind to each other out there ... and goodnight ...

You no-talent blob! You stepped on my best laugh of the night! Get this straight! If I can do without Carol Burnett, I can do without you! Remember, I made you ... and I can break you!!

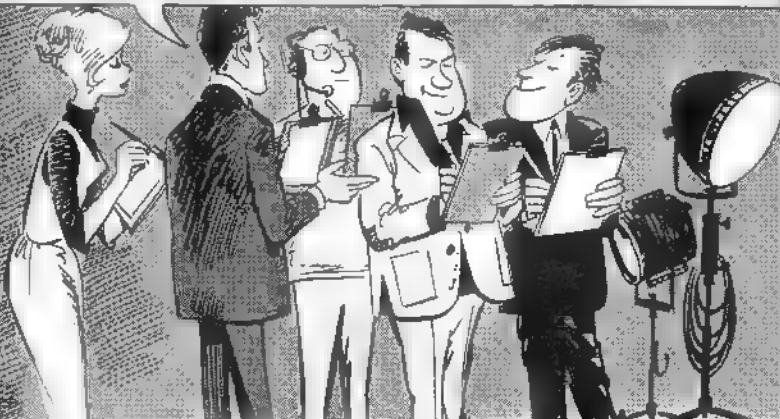
Go ahead and hit me, Gar—it always makes you feel better!

YOU ASKED FOR IT

... and remember, this is your show, because ... you asked for it!!



Let's go over next week's assignments. We got a case of Scotch from the Iowa Chamber of Commerce, so Pete—your sister will write in to see the film, "Delightful Des Moines." We received a year's supply of razor blades, so Oscar—your cousin will ask to see "How Gillette Razors Are Made." And Phil—your grandmother will request "How a Modern Dairy Works," and we'll split that ton of cottage cheese from the Sealtest folks ...



THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

... enjoy our hospitality ... hillbilly-style, that is! Hear?



Home, James! I'm giving a dinner party for Ralph Bunche, and that dear Pablo Casals always arrives early! Oh, I do hope the place cards are correct! Last time, they spelled Walter Lippman's name wrong! Let's see, I think Rose Kennedy likes Vichyssoise, but I'm not sure just how U Thant feels about Pheasant-Under-Glass ...



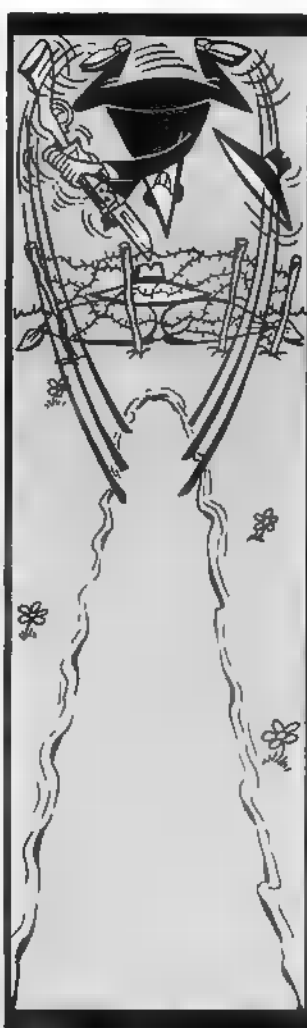
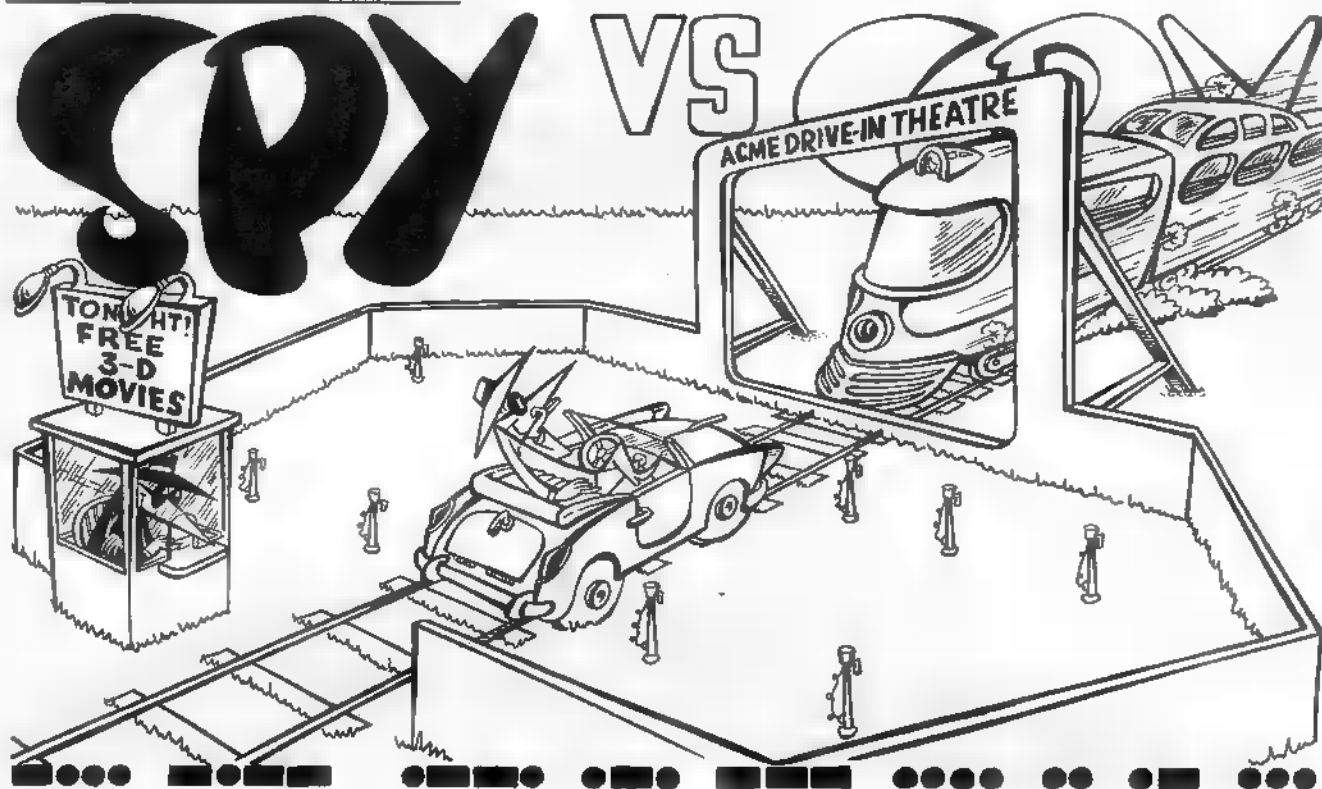
CANDID CAMERA

... and you'll never know when somewhere, someone will come up to you when you least expect it, and say, "Smile! You're on CANDID CAMERA!"



I got some pictures of you, Mr. Funt, that Confidential Magazine will gladly pay me plenty for—if you don't! You'll notice that when our candid camera caught you, you weren't exactly smiling!

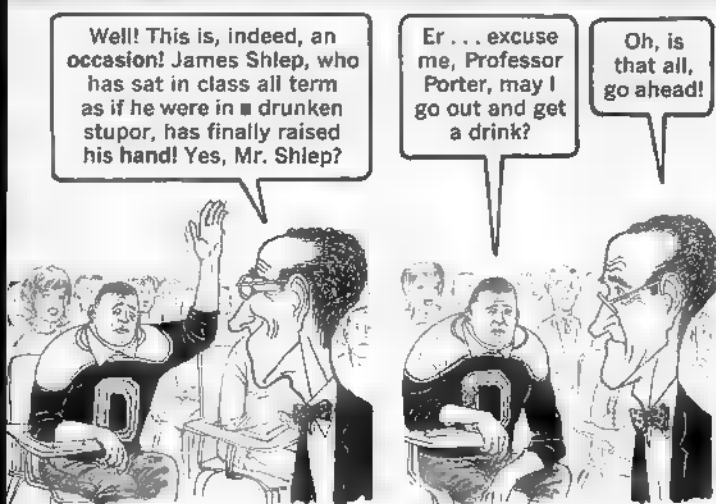
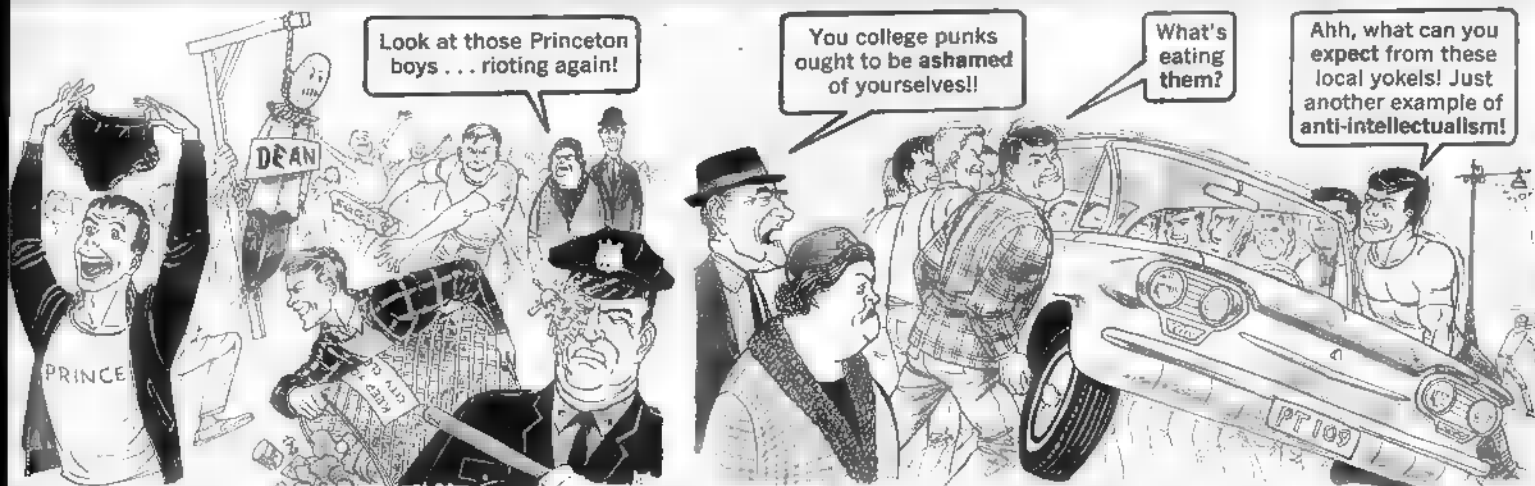




BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

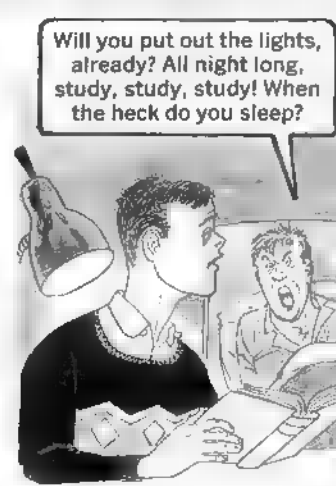
Dave Berg never went to college. We could say he attended the College of Hard Knocks, graduating Summa Cum Loudmouth, but it'd be an old joke. Then again, Dave is an old joke. Anyway, the author of the forthcoming "MAD's Dave Berg Looks at the U.S.A." now turns his envious attentions to

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



THE COLLEGE CROWD

WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG



Congratulate me, O Honorable Roommate! I have just been presented with a trophy at the "Senior Awards"!

That's great! Now how about giving me back my corduroy jacket you've been wearing all semester!

Sure, Buddy-Boy! It's all yours!

And while you're at it, can I also have my gabardine slacks back? And my cashmere sweater?

Sure, Buddy-Boy! They're all yours!

And also my tab-collar shirts, and my ties, and my socks...

S-Sure, Buddy-Boy! They're all yours! And I guess THIS is all yours, too!



Hey! Mike! Whatchya doin'?



Cramming for my exams tomorrow!



Oh, no you don't! You're not going to make a "Panty Raid" on my dormitory!!



The girls here are sweet, innocent, well-behaved young ladies! They're not interested in such boorish, evil, corrupt shenanigans!

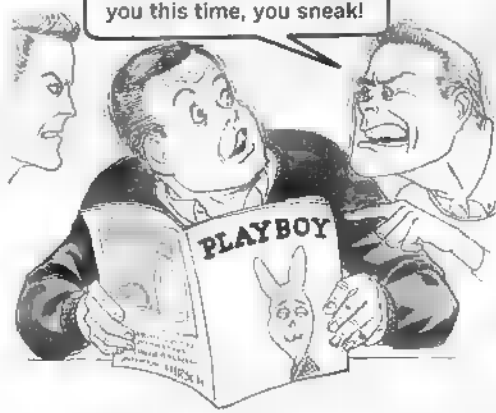
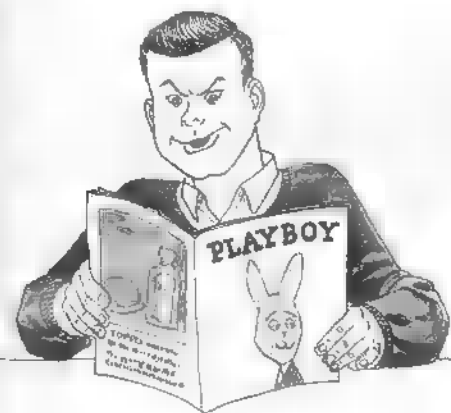


MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU OL' BAG!

YEAH! THIS WAY, FELLAS!



Okay, Liebman! We caught you this time, you sneak!



What are you trying to do, louse up the class average? Wreck the curve?



My Judy is away at college. She's overwhelmed with courses, studying, term papers, exams—besides leading a very active social life, what with dates, fraternity dances, rallies, football games, sorority rushing...



And yet, this wonderful child still manages, somehow, to find time to write to her parents regularly, like clockwork. And such long, detailed letters, full of emotion...



Really? What does she say?



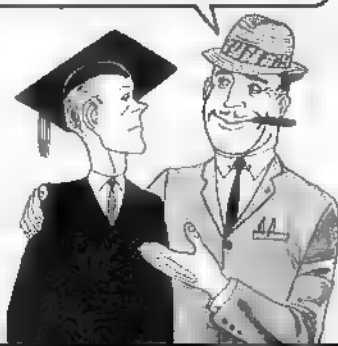
"I'M BROKE! SEND MONEY!"



Congratulations, young man! Here you are—21 years old, newly-graduated from College, and ready to start out on a long and promising career!



I represent the National Engineering Corporation. We are looking for bright young men like you to join our company and grow with us!



We have a great starting salary plan! We have a wonderful step-by-step promotion plan, and we have a generous profit-sharing plan...



Never mind all that! What kind of a RETIREMENT PLAN do you have?



STOP THIS SHAVING CREAM FIGHT THIS INSTANT!!



I don't see Tom Heder getting involved in such nonsense! By the way, where is he?



Down in the laundry room, Professor Hallot!



See, he is doing something useful, while you're making fools of yourselves!



98-99-100! ATTA BOY, TOM! YOU JUST BROKE THE RECORD!!



One bad egg like you can spoil it for the rest of us! You can take the fun out of going to college!



Guys like you should be expelled from school!



Please, fellas! Give me another chance! I swear I won't do it again! On my honor—I promise I won't study anymore!



Janie! What are you doing home from College in the middle of the semester?



I failed!

Failed!? But you're a "Straight A" student!



I'm the worst student on campus!

I'm a wash-out! A flop! A big nothing.



But you've been on the Dean's List for two years! What are you talking about?

I'm the only girl in my Sorority who didn't get a Fraternity Pin from a boy!



You gotta say one thing about College! It separates the men from the boys!



Yes! The boys go to College!



THE

SUNDAY DRIVE

Watch what you're doing stupid! There's a curve ahead!



Keep to the right! Can't you see those signs, you moron?!



Look out for that truck!



Heh-heh... that was a close one, eh, Dear?



Honestly, Herbert! Can't you do anything right?!



No. DEPT.

Back in the old days, numbers were used sensibly, and their meanings were usually clear!

Your honor, I was doing 35 on Route 66 in my '34 Nash, when along came this '35 Essex doing 80 which suddenly side-swiped me so that 2 seconds later I crashed into this '35 Ford V-8. This was at 10 minutes to 9, and because of it, I was late for my 16th birthday party!

I've told you 16-year-olds 1,000,000 times: You can't drive without a license! 30 dollars or 30 days . . .



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Then with the coming of World War II, numbers began to get a little out of hand!

Who are you soldier? and what outfit are you with?

Pvt. 1st Class Herman Fiffner, Sir! Serial number 42069516! I'm in the 2nd Squad of the 3rd Platoon of the 147th Mess Kit Repair Company, attached to the 4th Battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the 1st Division of the 30th Corps of the 6th Army!



In time, along came the all-digit telephone dialing system and numbers got even more out of hand!

Operator, I've been dialing 516-4599, Area Code 321, but I get no connection. I dialed "Information" at 321-555-1212 to check the number, but I couldn't get information. So I dialed 212-777-5151 to get information on the right number to dial "Information" and—

I'm sorry, but when dialing 212-777-5151, you must also include the territory code 1232 and the planet code 2133, and also the number 39756—which isn't really any code but is just thrown in to confuse you a little more. When you dial all these numbers, you'll find that 212-777-5151 is not a working number. What's more, I'm not a working operator. I'm the cleaning girl. All the regular operators are at Shady Rest Sanatorium . . . for obvious reasons!



Recently, the U.S. Post Office Department introduced its new ZIP CODE system, and numbers became impossible!

Special Delivery Letter, Mr. Zonk! Sorry it took 47 days to arrive, but the sender put your ZIP CODE number—10965—after you street address instead of after your state, so instead of living on East 25th Street, we thought you lived on East 2510965th Street. Since there's no such street, we checked to see if you lived on West 2510965th Street, but someone . . .

Look, I'm not Mr. Zonk! I'm Mr. Fribble! I sent the letter! You probably got mixed up because we have the same ZIP CODE number! But never mind! I'll deliver it to Zonk myself! He lives across the street . . .



Now that society is on this wild "Numbers Kick", it'll only be a matter of time before numbers work their way into every part of our lives. In fact, here is . . .

What Could Happen...

...When They Use Num



Hello! I'm 890132! I'd like you to meet my wife, 432675...

Hi, 890132 and 432675! This is my husband, 72056 and I'm 79802!

Hello 890132, 432675, 72056, and 79802! I'm confused!

I thought you said you were 6059837!

Say, I once had a boy friend named 6059837—or maybe ■ was a laundry ticket! I forget which!

3-zee!? What kind of a silly number is that for a grown man?

Well, actually it's only my nick-number!

Did you read the best-seller, "6701 216"?

Did Hollywood change it much?

No, but I saw the movie!

I guess so! For one thing, they called it, "6802 317"?

Did you hear about 12567? He just got married to ■ nice 458 girl!

Some of my best friends are 458!

You mean your middle initial "5" actually stands for 5690278? Ha-hah! Where did you ever get a middle number like that?

Don't blame me! When I was born, my parents were hoping for a girl!

Who is that aristocratic-looking gentleman?

Don't you know? That's Lord 45632-62087803! He was recently hyphenated by the Queen!

bers For EVERYTHING



Fresh! I never
3578927 with
someone I
just met!

Okay, okay!
Let's just
35789 till
we get to
know each
other better!

1776! What
a nice
Anglo-Saxon
number
you have!

Anglo-Saxon number, my
foot. His real number
is 17768904572! When
he came over from Europe,
he shortened it!

Shay, shweetie!
Can you—hic—
play, "235678,
My 5896 Baby?"

I don't know!
Hum the first
few numbers and
I'll fake it!

What's 420889
doing with that
broad over there?

Whispering
sweet nothings
in her ear!

000 ...
00 ...
000 ...
00000!

What are
you going
to call
the new
arrival?

Well, we bought this book, "What To
Number The Baby," and we can't decide
between 94678, which means "Lover of
Horses," or "132145, which means "As
Noble as the Tree God Calvin"...

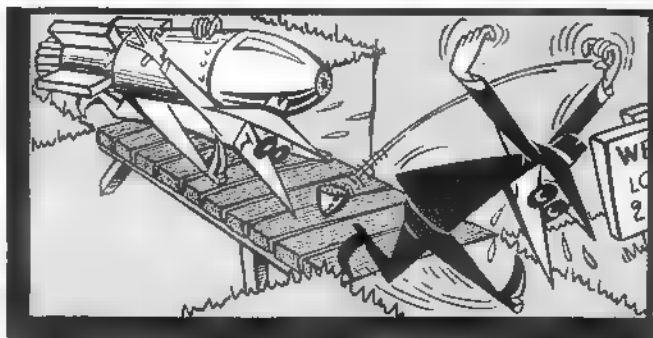
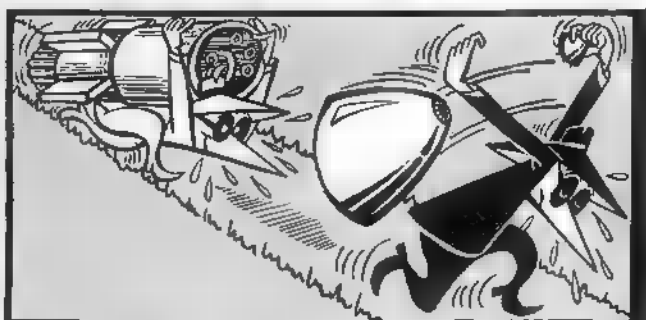
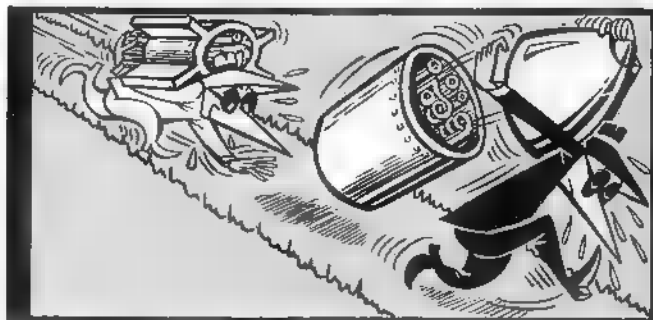
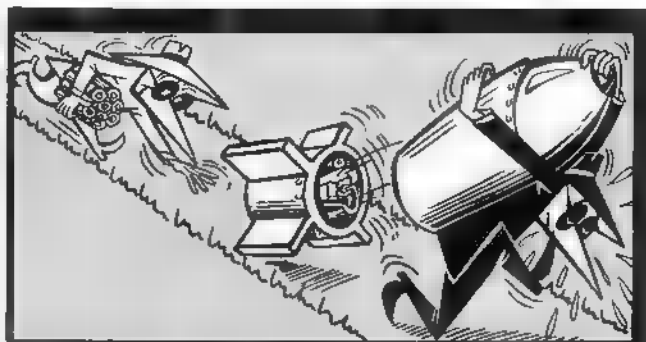
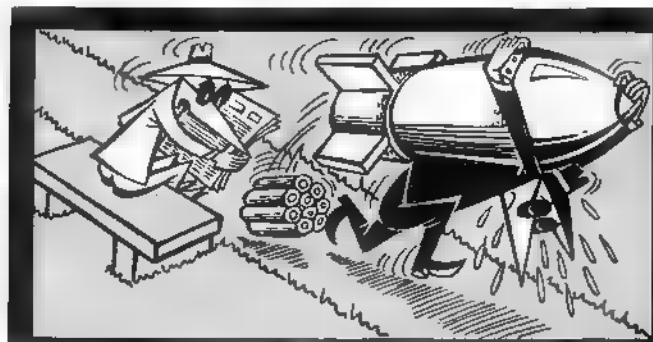
So the sailor says—now get
this—it'll kill you—He says,
"No, but I 56725!"... I mean
he says, "No, but I 56726!"
... or is it, "No, but I
25567!"? Let's see. "No..."

Why is it
that women
just never
know how to
tell a dirty
joke?!

If there's one
thing I can't
stand at these
cocktail parties,
it's small talk!

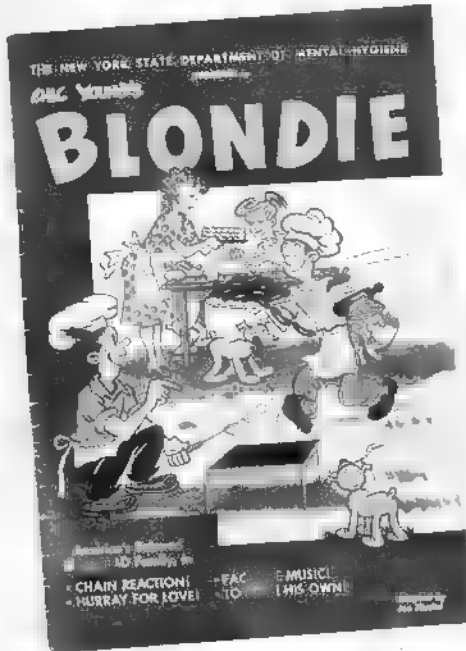
Hello there! You
must be an escaped
convict! I'm 22456!
What's your number?

Society takes our
numbers away when
they send us to
prison! They give
us names instead!
I'm Murray Finster!

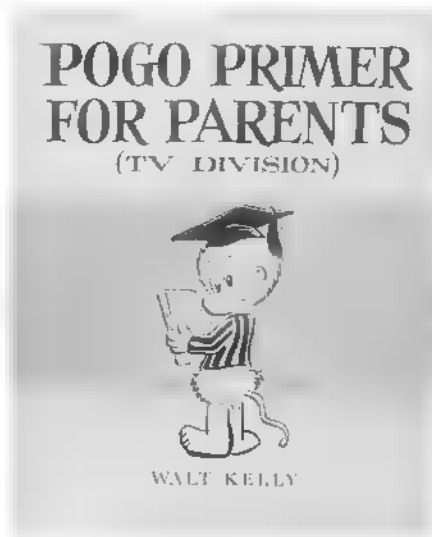


FUNNY PITCHES DEPT.

It's a fact that more people read the comic strips than any other feature in the daily newspapers. Why is this? Because most people don't *understand* them other features! For this reason, famous cartoonists are now being hired by worthy organizations to produce comic pamphlets with important messages. These organizations figure that if someone like Dr. Salk explains how necessary it is to take polio shots, nobody will understand him, but if Little Orphan Annie explains it, the whole thing will make sense. Obviously, they feel that the masses cannot identify with a distinguished scientist, but they *can* identify with an ageless, glassy-eyed idiot. Anyway, here are a few comic pamphlets recently published by non-profit and government organizations:



This pamphlet is put out by the N. Y. State Department of Mental Hygiene, and explains how very important good mental health is to our daily living.



This one is issued by the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, and shows the necessity of establishing sensible TV viewing habits for kids.



This comic book pamphlet is published by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, and illustrates the value of planning a family intelligently.

Well, we don't know how successful these comic pamphlets have been for educational purposes, but we do know where a trend like this can lead if we're not careful. Mainly, we may be seeing these . . .

FUTURE EDUCATIONAL COMIC PAMPHLETS

THE SOCIETY OF PLASTIC SURGEONS

presents

DICK TRACY

in an important public service pamphlet



THE MOBSTER BOXING PROMOTERS OF AMERICA
present

JOE PALOOKA

in a vitally important propaganda leaflet



MR. WALSH! I'M FROM THE
INTERNAL REVENUE DEPT.
I'M HERE TO PICK UP TAXES
ON THIS FIGHT WHEN IT'S
OVER... AND NOTHING YOU
CAN DO WILL STOP ME!

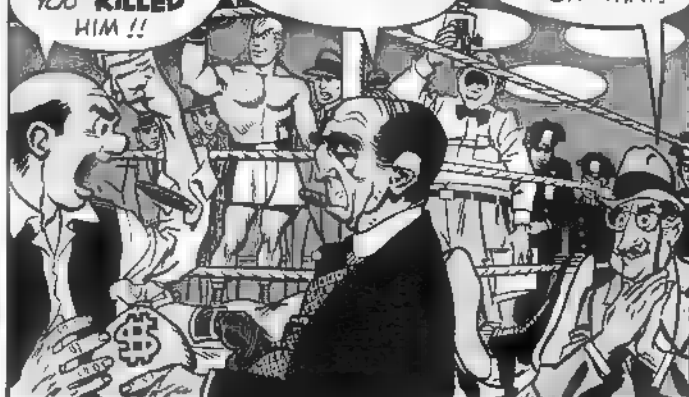
IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WHO
ARE RUINING THIS GREAT
SPORT! BUT WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU... JUST
YOU WAIT AND SEE!



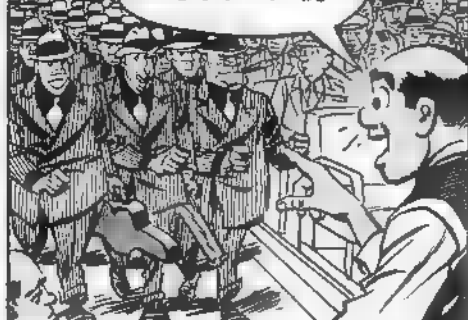
ATTABOY, JOE!
YOU KNOCKED
HIM OUT!! BUT
BETTER STILL--
YOU **KILLED**
HIM !!

HERE YOU ARE,
KNOBBY! \$750,000!
JOE'S SHARE
OF THE PURSE!

I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO GET
MY HANDS ON
THE TAXES
ON THAT!



IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY COME TO
OUR RESCUE AND PROTECT THIS
MONEY... **WAIT! LOOK! HERE**
THEY COME! WE'RE SAVED BY
THE CAVALRY OF THE
MOBSTER BOXING
PROMOTERS OF
AMERICA!



SINCE WE OWN A
PIECE OF PALOOKA,
WE'RE TAKING OUR
SHARE OF THE PURSE
FOR **NARCOTICS,**
SLOT MACHINES,
COMMISSIONER-
BRIBING, AND OTHER
INCIDENTAL
BOXING EXPENSES!

THANK YOU,
MR. MOBSTER!
THAT LEAVES
JOE \$14.28
IT'LL BE A
BREEZE
PAYING TAXES
ON THAT!

WHAT ROTTEN
LUCK! MOBSTERS
NEVER PAY
TAXES! IT'S EVEN
UN-AMERICAN
TO **DISCUSS** IT
WITH THEM!
CURSES! FOILED
AGAIN!



SO WHY DON'T **ALL** YOU YOUNG
FELLOWS BECOME BOXERS?
BOXING TAKES YOU OFF THE
DIRTY, SMELLY STREETS AND
PUTS YOU IN DIRTY, SMELLY
GYMS! AND THE WAY
MOBSTERS OPERATE,
YOU'LL **NEVER** HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT TAXES!
JOE, WHAT HAVE **YOU**
GOT TO SAY ABOUT
BOXING AFTER YOUR
326TH FIGHT..?

I... DUH...
LUV DE
SOUN' OF
DE CROWD
DURIN'
DE FIGHT..
AN' DE
BIRDIES
AN' DE
CHIMES
AFTER-
WARDS!



THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

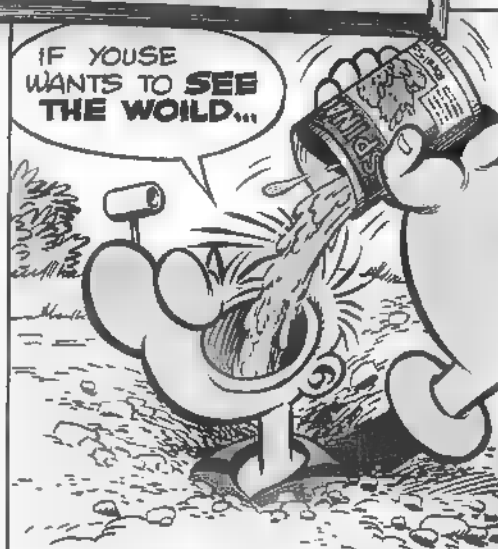
presents

POPEYE

in an exciting enlistment brochure

FELLOW AMERICANS, AIN' YOUR COMMAHNDER-IN-CHIEF, I HAVE ASKED **POPEYE**, THE POPULAR COMIC STRIP SAILOR, TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE ADVANTAGES OF MAKING A CAREER IN ONE OF OUR NATION'S MOST GLAMOROUS BRANCHES OF THE ARMED SERVICES...

AWOY THERE, MATES!

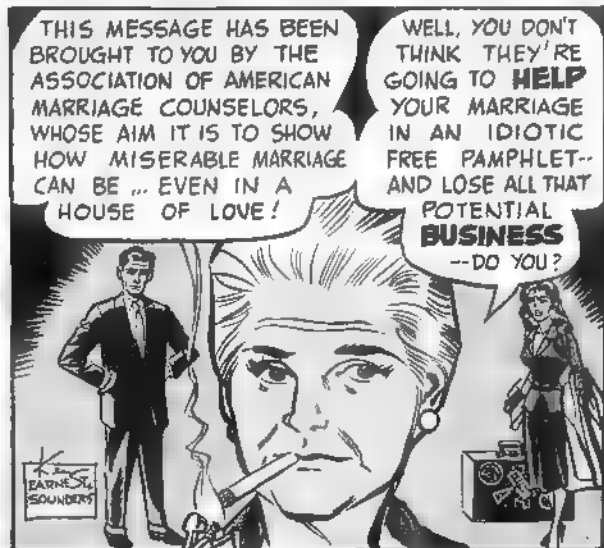
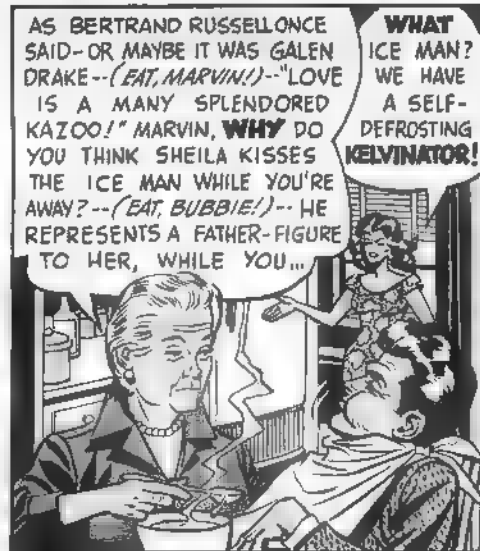
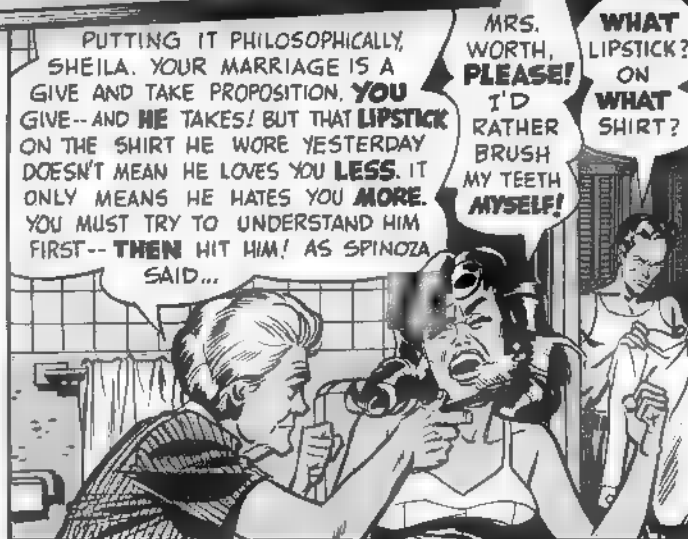


THE ASSOC. OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE COUNSELORS

presents

MARY WORTH

in a heart-warming cartoon document



BIRDWING

TV

AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

...and especially my husband's shirts! You know how grimy and greasy the collars can get... with lipstick and all! Well, TYDE gets them really clean!

And you'd recommend TYDE to all housewives, Mrs. Fungus?



Lands sakes, yes! My wash never looked so good or smelled so clean before I started using TYDE...

I have a surprise for you, Mrs. Fungus!



YOU'RE ON CAMERA!!

WHA...? OH, NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



All right, Mrs. Fungus! That was pretty good! Now let's try it again... and this time, see if you can register a little more surprise!



A WARD TO THE WISE DEPT.

Every year, 1 out of 3 families has someone in the hospital. In case you haven't made it in the past 2 years, we don't want you to be ignorant when you make it this year. Since you probably believe you know how hospitals work from watching TV (which is typical of your muddled thinking!), we'd like to clear the air with

THE MAD HOSPITAL PRIMER



Lesson 1

ENTERING THE HOSPITAL

See the Emergency Room.
See the patient who has just arrived.
See him lying beside the Admitting Desk.
See him writhing in pain.
Ooooooh! Owwww! Oyyyyy!
Medical science cannot help him.
Medical science cannot relieve his suffering.
Not until he produces his Blue Cross Card!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 2

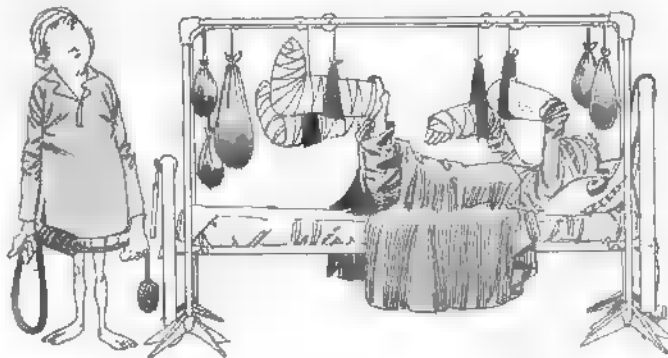
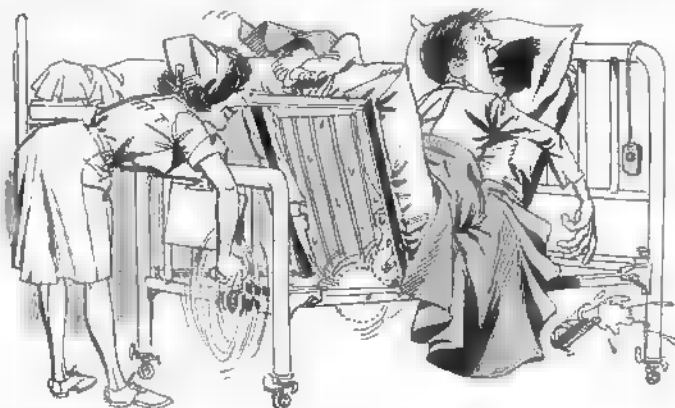
THE HOSPITAL ROOM

See the hospital room.
See all the clean white sheets.
Why are they over one patient's face?

See the hospital bed.
See the nurse crank it up.
It bends in the middle.
The patient in it wishes he could
bend in the middle.
Mainly because he is lying on his stomach.

Try and find a comfortable position.
Twist! Turn! Scrunch!
There's a patient who has found a
comfortable position.
He is in traction.

See the button near the bed.
Try pressing the button.
Nothing will happen.
What is the button for?
Maybe it lights up the Christmas tree
on the White House lawn.



Lesson 3

BEFORE THE OPERATION

See the patient on the night before his operation.
The doctor tells him to relax.
He says, "Get your mind off it! Watch TV!"
The patient watches "Ben Casey."
The patient watches "Dr. Kildare."
He watches them perform operations
exactly like his—
Unsuccessfully.

The nurse gives the patient
an injection to make him sleep.
But he cannot sleep.
Is it anxiety? Is it tension?
No, it is his backside.
The injection hurts too much to let him sleep.

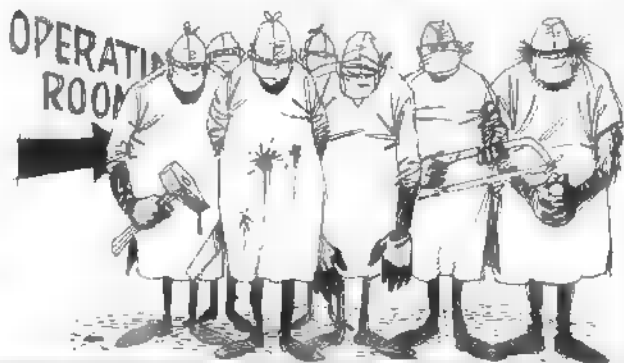


Lesson 4

THE OPERATING ROOM

See the patient on "Opening Day."
He is awakened at 6 A.M. for his operation.
Operations always take place in the morning.
Afternoons are reserved for funerals.

In the operating room, everyone wears a mask.
This prevents infections.
This also prevents the patient from discovering
that his doctor overslept and didn't show up.
A 3rd year medical student will perform the operation instead.
See how nervous the patient gets just because the doctor asks,
"Is the appendix on the right side . . . or the left side?"



Lesson 7

THE NURSES

See the overcrowded hospital.
See all the people in the corridors waiting for beds.
It is important to get these people beds.
They have just come from the operating room.

See the busy nurses.
Busy, busy, busy.
Nurses are wonderful people.
They are very democratic.
Nurses don't care about a person's color
Or his nationality, or his religion.
They ignore everybody.
Sometimes a rich person hires a private nurse.
The private nurse's job is easier.
She has only one person to ignore.



Lesson 8

THE HOSPITAL FOOD

Hospitals are noted for perfectly balanced meals.
On the one hand, no grease.
On the other hand, no taste.
You can play "fun games" with hospital food.
Games like "Fish or Fowl."
It is simple to play.
Just close your eyes, take a bite, and guess—
Was it fish or fowl?
Usually, it is hash.
So you're right either way.

Lesson 1

THE OPERATION

See the surgeon.
See how careful he operates.
He is a dedicated doctor.
He is also a smart doctor.
He knows a dead man cannot write a check.

See how fast the doctor works.
Why does the dedicated doctor work so fast?
He is late for his golf game.
Soon he will stitch up the patient.
Years ago they used regular stitches.
But those hurt when they were removed.
Today they use dissolving stitches.
These hurt when they dissolve.



Lesson 6

THE WAITING ROOM

See the waiting room.
See the patient's family in the waiting room.
Feel their tension during the operation.
At last the doctor comes out.
He announces, "The appendix operation was a success!"
See the patient's family start to cry.
Why are they crying?
Is it because their tension is relieved?
No, it is because the patient entered the hospital
for a gall bladder operation.



Lesson 9

THE VISITORS

See all the visitors.
They sit on the patient's bed.
They eat all his cookies.
They make light, carefree talk.
With each other.
The patient wishes the visitors would talk to him.
But they won't. They are visiting
the patient in the next bed.

Sometimes the fellows from the office drop in.
They try to cheer up the patient.
They tell him not to worry about business.
They tell him that his assistant is doing a great job.
Everyone at the office sends regards.
Except the boss.
He doesn't realize the patient has not been at work.

Soon, the nurses tell the visitors to leave.
They are tiring the patients.
How can she tell.
They have all begun to cry.



Despite that corny old cliché: "Don't believe everything you read!", most people blindly accept the stories that are printed in our daily newspapers as the whole truth. They still think that the news comes to them undistorted—printed by fearless editors and dedicated

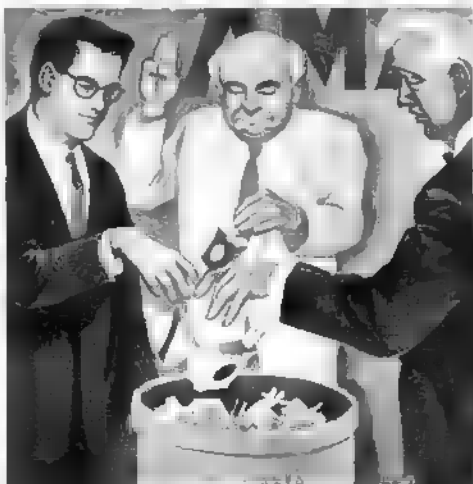
The **REAL** story

HERE ■ A HOT ITEM THAT WAS ALL READY TO GO . . .

Doctor Group Proves Definite Link Between Smoking And Cancer

NEW YORK CITY—Nov. 17 (INS) Undisputed proof linking smoking with cancer was offered today by the Fact Finding Committee of the American Medical Association at its New York Convention. 2500 doctors listened to the report that took two years to compile, using the most exacting and comprehensive scientific testing techniques. Reporters and journalists from all over the world assembled to hear and report on this historic scientific pronouncement to their readers.

"There is no longer any room for controversy," stated Dr. Quincy Meyer, committee chairman. "The facts are clear and irrefutable!"



Doctors throwing away cigarettes after taking pledge to stop smoking. They also vowed to discourage patients from smoking.

UNFORTUNATELY, A SPACE PROBLEM PREVENTED THIS STORY FROM APPEARING IN ITS ENTIRETY DUE TO A LARGE AD WHICH WAS PLACED AT THE LAST MOMENT:

Get More Out Of Life With Your FAVORITE CIGARETTE!

Today's cigarettes are the finest ever made! Rich, satisfying tobaccos, pure filters, and air-conditioned papers make smoking a delight. When you're worried and tense, light up a cigarette and your troubles will soon be over!

National Council of Cigarette Manufacturers

AMA HOLDS CONVENTION IN N.Y.

The A.M.A. held the first session of its annual convention behind closed doors today. Persistent rumors were widely circulated that Fact Finding Committee chairman, Dr. Quincy Meyer, had presented a somewhat

garbled report on the effects of smoke inhalation. But a reliable source explained the rumor. "You know how fellows are when they go to conventions," he said. "A couple of drinks, and they're liable to say anything!"

publishers. Well, we got news for all you naive clods: Newspapers are in business to make money! They have other considerations, aside from reporting events as they happen! To give you the right slant on what's going on, MAD salutes our courageous newspapers with . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: STAN HART

behind the news

SCHEDULED FOR BURIAL SOMEWHERE IN THE PAPER WAS THIS STORY . . .

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WOMAN JOSTLED IN TRAIN RIDE

Mrs. Emaline Nurk, 73, was jostled while riding on the old O&M Railroad today, when she foolishly attempted to change her seat as the train rounded a sharp curve. Apparently the only injury she suffered was the

loss of a tooth-filling.
"It was loose anyway!" smiled Mrs. Nurk. "My dentist will fix it easily," she added as she got off the train at the next stop to keep her tennis lesson appointment.

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BUT SOMETIMES, A SMALL STORY CAN EXPAND—UNDER PRESSURE . . .

TRAVEL **SURE!** TRAVEL **SAFE!**
FLY K.L.M.N. JET!

It's the
modern
way to go!
K.L.M.N.
Jets fly
above the
weather for
a smooth
safe ride
all the way!



AGED LOCAL WOMAN IN TRAIN DISASTER

Immediate Investigation Demanded

Mrs. Emaline Nurk, affectionately known as "Aunt Emma," narrowly avoided death today in one of the worst local railroad disasters in a decade. The fragile septuagenarian was riding on the obsolete O & M railroad when she was violently thrown to the floor of her car. The tremendous impact loosened something in her head, and she will require immediate medical attention and observation. The shock obviously affected Mrs. Nurk's mind, for she was heard to mutter incoherent words about learning to play tennis. She is 73 years old!

Some of the questions being asked of the O & M management are: Why was an old lady forced to stand during her ride? How, in this day and age of modern convenient fast travel, can a railroad remain so primitive? Why doesn't the O & M sell travel insurance like other medias of transportation—even though the premiums would be high since the risk is so great?

SCENE OF SHOCKING TRAIN DISASTER



HERE ■ A HOT ITEM THAT
WAS ALL READY TO GO . . .

BUT BEFORE THE STORY WAS PRINTED, IT HAD TO BE
SLIGHTLY REWRITTEN—DUE TO THE FOLLOWING ITEM:

LOCAL MERCHANT CAUGHT SETTING HIS STORE ABLAZE

Mr. Elmo Zorpe, owner of Zorpe's Cut-Rate Department Store, was discovered setting fire to his own establishment late last night. Facing bankruptcy due to a recent sharp drop in business, Zorpe was obviously trying to collect the Fire Insurance money.

At 1:35 A.M., ■ neighbor saw flames coming from the back room of the Zorpe store and turned in the alarm. When the Fire Department quickly responded to the call, they discovered Mr. Zorpe throwing gasoline on the fixtures and stock.

Luckily, the fire was soon brought under control, considering the fact that the store is located next to the city's huge natural gas storage tank.

Zorpe was quickly hauled off to Police Headquarters for questioning.



Elmo Zorpe, caught in the act of arson.

Our Misfortune is Your Good Fortune!

SAVE MONEY SAVE MONEY
GIANT FIRE SALE!
SAVE MONEY SAVE MONEY

EVERYTHING MARKED DOWN!!!

MEN'S SUITS

were **\$150** now **\$65**

(some with minor gasoline stains)

WOMEN'S COATS

were **\$95** now **\$47.50**

(some with oily rags in pockets)

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE
GIANT FIRE SALE BARGAINS WE
WILL BE OFFERING IN THE WEEKS
TO COME. WATCH FOR OUR SPECIAL
ADS EVERY DAY IN THIS PAPER!



ZORPE'S

CUT-RATE
DEPARTMENT
STORE

Merchant Hero as Store Burns

Elmo Zorpe, local merchant, saved this city from total destruction when he smelled smoke coming from the back room while locking up his store last night. When he rushed in to investigate, Elmo found himself facing a wall of flame.

Grabbing what he thought was ■ can of water, Mr. Zorpe tried to douse the fire. Unfortunately, the can contained gasoline. However, Zorpe remained on the scene, bravely battling to keep the conflagration from spreading next door to the city's natural gas storage tank, and creating a holocaust. Finally, the Fire Department arrived and the blaze was brought under control.

Acknowledging his heroism, Zorpe was given a police escort through town.



Elmo Zorpe, Heroic Citizen

We know that incumbent Mayor E. Richard Muckler, who is seeking this paper's endorsement for re-election, will see fit to honor our brave fellow citizen, Elmo Zorpe.

GRANDFATHER STRUCK BY HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER

Last night, a dastardly crime was committed in our city. Mr. Herbert Givney, an 85 year-old grandfather, was run down by a speeding hot rod while crossing Elm St. The car turned the corner at 70 miles per hour and knocked the helpless Mr. Givney 100 feet onto a neighbor's lawn. Instead of stopping to help, the vicious hit-and-run criminal fled the scene at 100 miles per hour.

When informed of the accident, Police Chief Alonzo Grunk stated, "We are going to put a stop to this wild reckless driving on our city streets once and for all!" He pledged an all-out search for the culprit.



Spot where brutal hit-and-run crime was committed.

FOR INSTANCE, THIS TELETYPE ITEM RESULTED IN A QUICK RE-WRITE...

1245 GHAR--

GIVNEY HIT AND RUN FOLLOW-UP. . .NEW FACTS BROUGHT TO LIGHT
DRIVER OF CAR POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS JOE POLODNEY, JR. . .
SON OF JOSEPH POLODNEY, PRESIDENT OF LOCAL 103, INTERNATIONAL
TYPOGRAPHERS UNION. . .BOY HAS CONFESSED ALL TO POLICE. . .
ADMITS TO BEING DRUNK WHILE DRIVING. . .MORE TO FOLLOW. . .30

Careless Pedestrian Causes Accident

While cautiously driving home after choir practice last night, Joseph Polodney, Jr. barely avoided a serious accident when senile Herbert Givney dashed in front of his car. Luckily, Polodney swerved, narrowly missing the 85 year old reprobate, catching him by the tie, and gently wafting him to safety on a nearby lawn. When Givney's neighbors were questioned about the accident, they stated that the old man had been despondent in recent weeks, and seemed suicide prone. This desire to end his life was thought to be the motive behind his criminally thoughtless act.

When informed of the near tragedy, Police Chief Alonzo Grunk stated, "We are going to put a stop to this wild careless jay-walking on our city streets once and for all!" He pledged an all-out war on pedestrians.



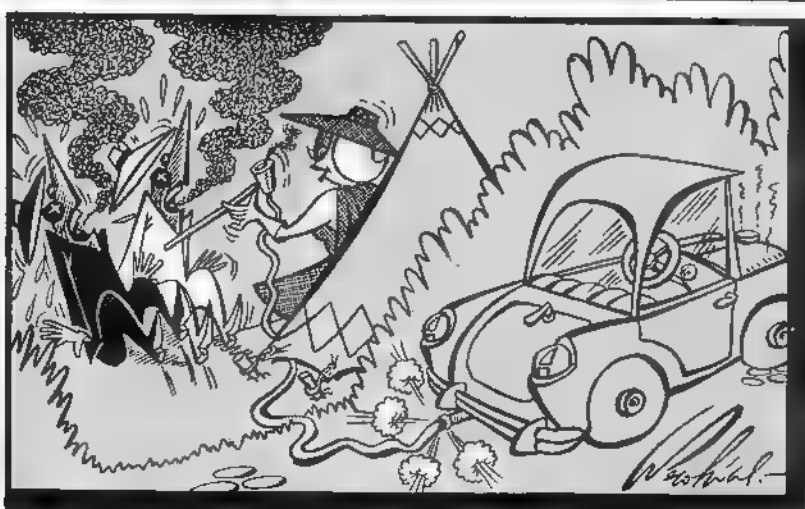
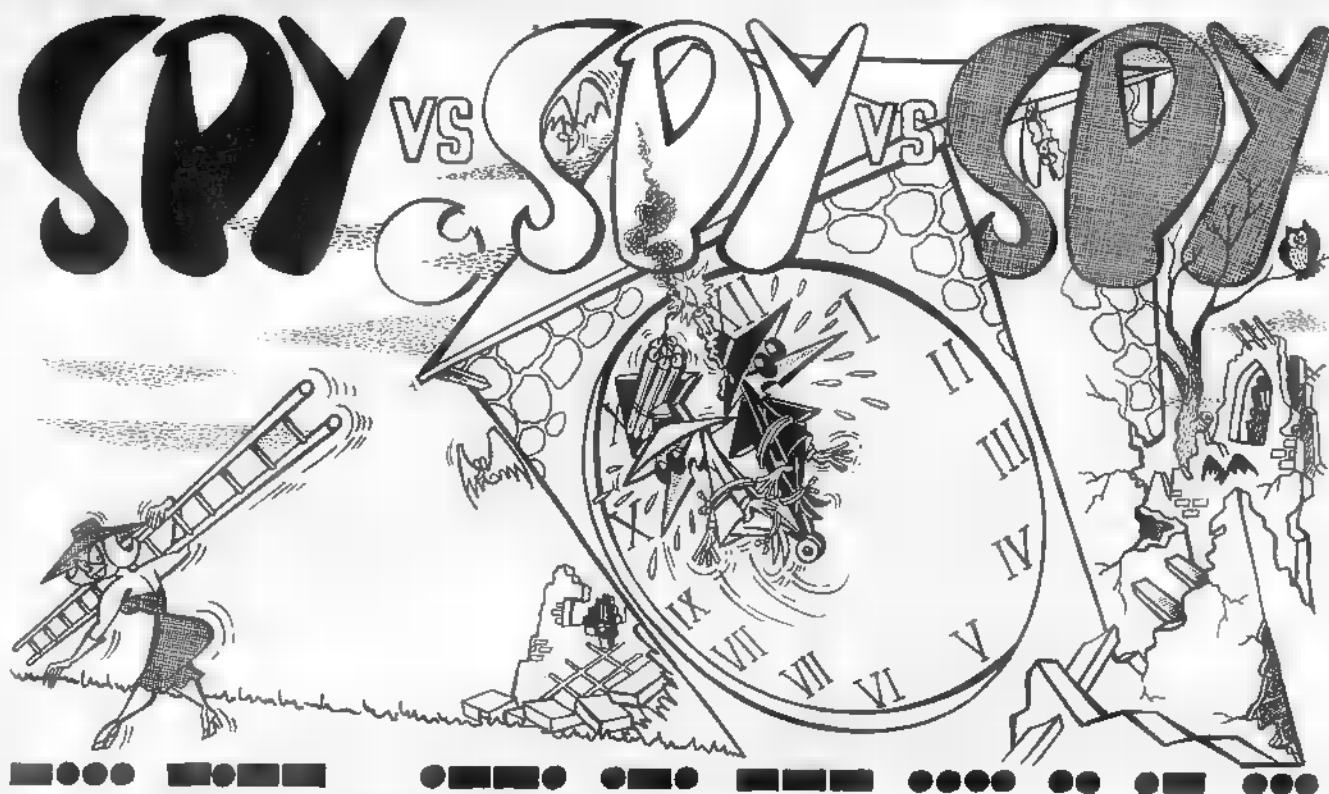
Clean cut Joseph Polodney, Jr. being congratulated by his father, Pres. of Typographers Union.

THREAT OF NEWSPAPER STRIKE ENDS

TYPOGRAPHERS UNION AND MANAGEMENT AGREE ON TERMS

The threat of a prolonged newspaper strike was ended today when members of the Typographers Union agreed to a new work

contract containing a five-year "No-Strike" clause, with no additional raises or fringe benefits for the entire period.



MAID IN U.S.A. DEPT.

Psychologists tell ■ that we each have two different personalities: One which shows our true feelings, and the other which we present to the outside world. The latter is called a "persona" or mask. Now, suppose we could see behind these masks into people's real feelings? Interesting, no? Eugene O'Neill did it in a play called "Strange Interlude", but there were hardly any laughs in it. That's because he wasn't looking behind the masks of people we all know. Now, MAD lets you take a look behind the masks of some people . . . some pleasant people . . . some sickeningly pleasant people that we all know—in this . . .

STRANGE INTERLUDE with HAZEY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



Hazey, your pot roast is delicious!
I can't stop eating it!

George certainly adores
your cooking, Hazey!

Oh, for Pete's sake, Messy and
Mr. G....It's my pleasure!



Actually her cooking stinks, but I
need her to solve all my problems!
Last week I fired my lawyer! Why
should I pay someone \$25,000 ■ year
when I can get the same legal advice
plus my house cleaned for \$45 a week?

I wish George
wouldn't eat so much!
His face is beginning
to lose even the
little shape
it once had!

It's so uplifting for
a Broadway star like
me to work as ■ menial
servant for two
bit players from
Grade "B" pictures!

III Qr.
Druck 45



Hazey, Mr. G. went down-
town to buy that piece of
property by the railroad!

But, Messy, for
Pete's sake, that's
a bad investment!

Hey, Hazey, come
out and play
ball with me!



How come she has
time for investment
counseling when she
never has time to
clean the curtains?

I wish that miserable
kid would stop annoying
me! Baseball—football—
basketball—I'll wind up
with a coronary yet!

Daddy feels that Hazey
represents ■ mother-
substitute to me! He's
wrong! Actually, she's
■ father-substitute!

Hazey, you must show me
how to make those
wonderful brownies!

Why, sure, Messy!
It's as easy as
falling off a log!



Since Hazey came to work for us, Georgie
hasn't said two words to me . . . and she
came 10 years ago! I don't think there's
room in one house for two feminine
personalities! One must go! The question
is: Which one? Hazey . . . or Georgie?

Messy works
real hard—
staying home
all the time
to make sure
I don't steal!

Oh, Hazey,
Johnny took
my ball and
won't give
it back!

Harried, this is
America! And in a
democracy, people do
not take things away
from other people!

Just you march
right out there, for
Pete's sake, and
make him give it
back to you!



Why is my Mother
always sticking
her nose into my
child-parent
relationship
with Hazey?

Maybe I'll ask
her to wash the
windows! Maids
always quit when
they have to do
things like that!

How come this kid calls all
the other adults "Mr." or
"Mrs." or "Uncle" or "Aunt"?
I'm old enough to be his
grandmother, and me he calls
by my first name!!

Hi, Mrs. G.
I come
to take
Hazey
bowling
tonight!

I'm glad to meet
you! I always like
to see who Hazey
goes out with!
You're fine! So
common and crude!

Hi, Joe! Say, that
bowling alley is in
a tough part of
town! I'm glad I'm
going with you! You
need the protection!



She once won
an Academy
Award?!
What some
people won't
do for a buck!

Maybe
she'll
get
mugged
on the
way!!

He's early! I'll have to hurry
up and muss up my hair, put on
my mousy make-up and change
in to something dowdy! I hope
the Salvation Army remembered
to deliver my wardrobe!

Georgie, they've foreclosed on my mortgage! My business is tottering! I'm a ruined man!

If you're ruined, Mr. Griffith, so am I!

For Pete's sake, I'll have to do something about this!

Hazey, your fudge made everything all right again! Don't worry about a thing, Georgie!

Trust Hazey, Mr. Griffith! I don't know what I'd do without her . . . namely because I never tried!

Aw, go on! You make me blush



Why am I telling him? He hasn't solved a problem on this show yet! As a matter of fact, neither have I!

I'll have to cut down on unnecessary expenses! Naturally, I'll give two weeks notice and good references! Still . . . I'll really hate to let my son, Harried, go!

How would you like a maid who eavesdropped all the time?



Now how did that work? I was on the brink of economic collapse, and one lousy piece of fudge cured it all! Well, I won't knock it! Being in this series may not be prestige work, but at least it's steady!

If there were a world crisis, Hazey would solve it with her macaroons!

Ain't I adorable when I act coy? No wonder they want to drum me out of the Theater Guild!!

Georgie, I must talk to you! You don't pay any attention to me anymore! It's always "Hazey this" and "Hazey that"! We're drifting apart! What's happened to us? You can tell me! I'm your wife!!

So that's who you are! I wondered why you were always hanging around here!



Well, that's my big scene for the month! I'll spend the next three weeks trying to run around Hazey, trying to get on camera! She blocks me out like a Green Bay Packer tackle!

I'm glad Messy had that dramatic outburst! It proved she's even a worse actor than I am!

Well, it's been a long day, so— Goodnight, dear! Goodnight, Hazey!

Goodnight, Georgie! Goodnight, Hazey!

For Pete's sake, Goodnight Messy and Mr. G.!!



Don't forget to wake up and do that classy Ford commercial, Hazey! I'll bet you'll sell lots of Thunderbirds to maids!

Aw, go dream of your days of glory . . . when you were the leading man to Vera Hrubá Ralston!

I wish they'd get their own room!

THE HUNTER



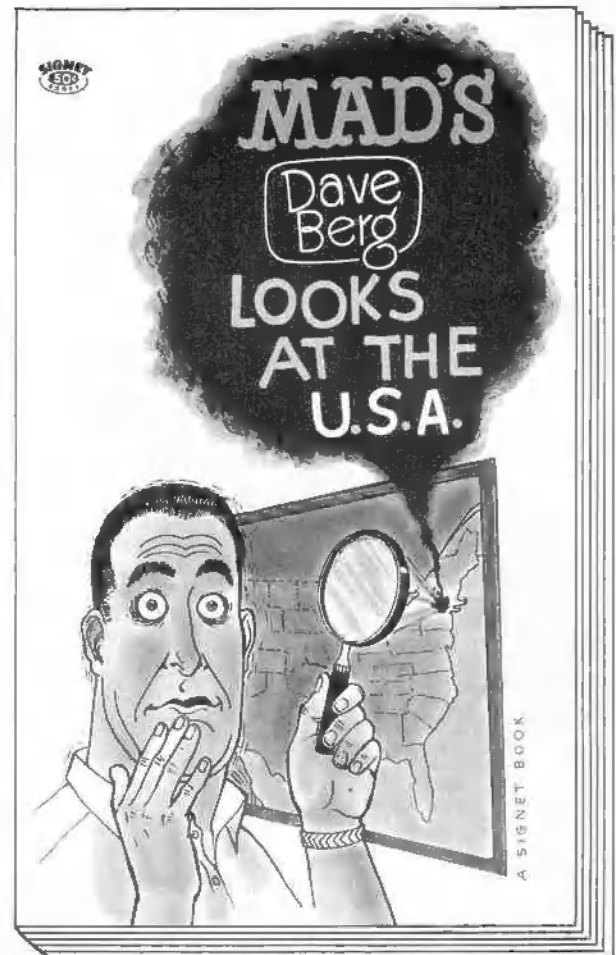
The Berg Are Coming!



YES...
MAD's Dave Berg,
the creator of
"The Lighter
Side of _____"
are coming out
with his very own
paperback book—
a collection of
ALL-NEW
"BERG'S-EYE VIEWS"!



So reserve your copy
now...mainly because
Dave would love to fly
South for the Winter!



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PLEASE SEND ME:



MAD'S
Dave Berg

Looks At The U.S.A.

I ENCLOSE
50¢

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ The MAD Frontier ☐ MAD In Orbit

I ENCLOSE 35¢ FOR EACH

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ The MAD Reader ☐ The Organization MAD
☐ MAD Strikes Back ☐ Like MAD
☐ Inside MAD ☐ The Ides of MAD
☐ Utterly MAD ☐ Fighting MAD
☐ The Brothers MAD ☐ The Voodoo MAD
☐ The Bedside MAD ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
☐ Son Of MAD ☐ Don Martin Steps Out

☐ Don Martin Bounces Back

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH

Check or Money Order only—No Cash Accepted
 On orders outside the U.S.A., add 10% extra



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Zip Code _____



This capsule made \$47,895,252.38 ^{SO} FAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER "PLACEBO" KRAUSS

Millions of dollars in research went into the creation of this drug. But it was peanuts compared to the really expensive part—Advertising it! Those brochures in 83 glorious colors, including silver and gold, that we send every doctor cost us \$7.83 each. You can see what this can run into when you consider the AMA has over 200,000 members and each one gets a brochure with a load of free samples.

But it was all worth it. Believe it or not, 33 days after the drug appeared on the market, the original investment of \$3,517,103 was completely recouped and we began to spoon in the pure gravy.

And what is even more remarkable is that this fantastic record was compiled by a relatively unknown and untested drug. It sure shows you the effectiveness of our promotion, the faith doctors have in us, and the power of a well-placed article in Reader's Digest. Let's hope that there are no unpleasant "side-effects" to mar this heart-warming beginning.

We are proud of this dedicated and humanitarian role that we, the members of the Drug Manufacturers Association, play in every American citizen's life. Sure there are grumblers, malcontents and Congressional investigators who try

to impugn our motives. They claim that we're not so much interested in saving lives as we are in making money. They claim that the wonderful capsule shown here could be sold for 1.3¢ instead of 89¢ and still allow a reasonable profit. So what! If the American public wants to pay 89¢ instead of 1.3¢ for a capsule, that's their privilege as a Free People, and no Un-American agitators should try to stop them. We don't want no "Commie-type Socialized Drug-Selling" here!

All right, all you 100%-Americans out there! Let's hear it for the 100%-American Drug Manufacturers Association!

This advertisement is sponsored by that dedicated bunch of swell guys, all members of the Drug Manufacturers Association, whose aim it is to keep coming up with newer drugs at higher prices.